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VOGUE

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JUNE, 1965

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VOGUE

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PENN

COVER: Pow! Op goes the Art. Op goes the fashion. Now, Op goes the makeup. First on that scene: Fabergé's new Make-OP—toners in never-before shades of blue, green, brown, violet; watercolours for the eyes; sheer ceramic glaze for the nails; glistening lip Make-OP. Ready soon. Halston snood; to order. Cadoro necklaces. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Snood, also Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The moiré pattern screening the girl on the cover is by the American artist-scientist, Gerald Oster, two of whose serigraph constructions are exhibited in The Museum of Modern Art's show, "The Responsive Eye," on tour all this year.

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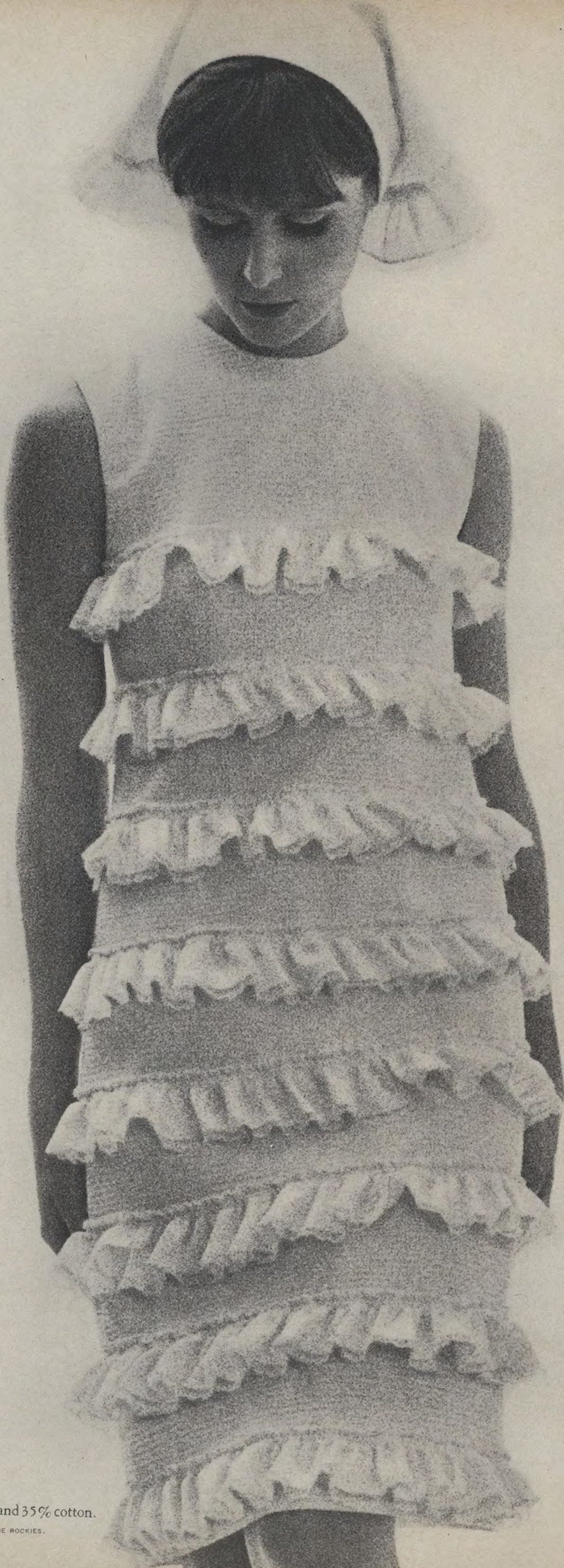
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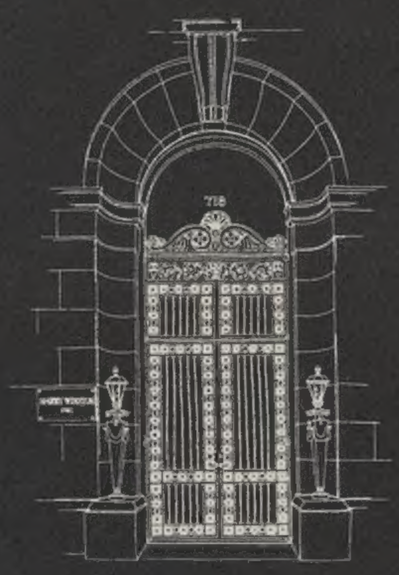






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Front, 1965 Sedan de Ville; left, 1964 De Ville Convertible; right, 1962 Coupe de Ville

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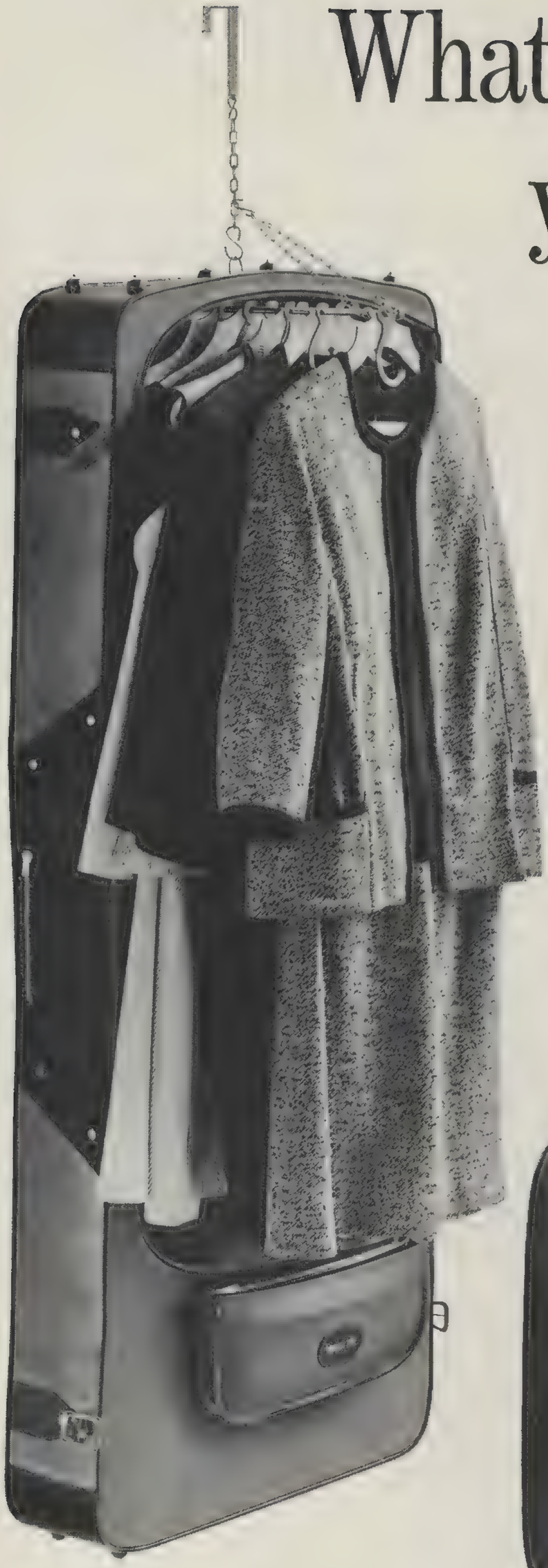
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SOFT-PAK



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SACMOBILE



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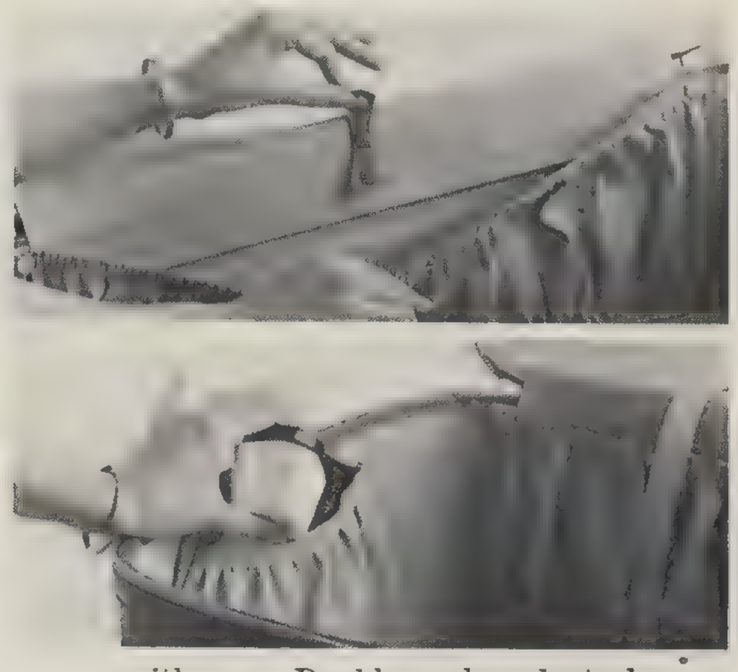
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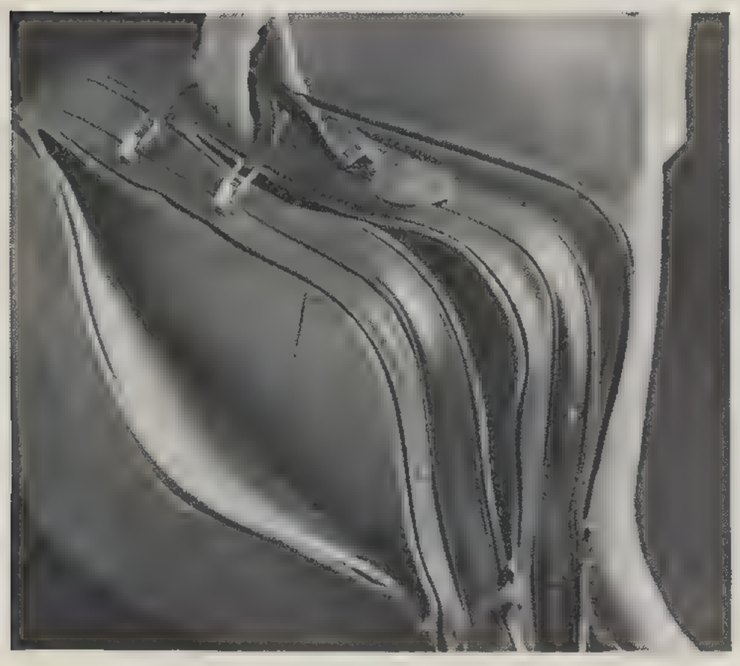
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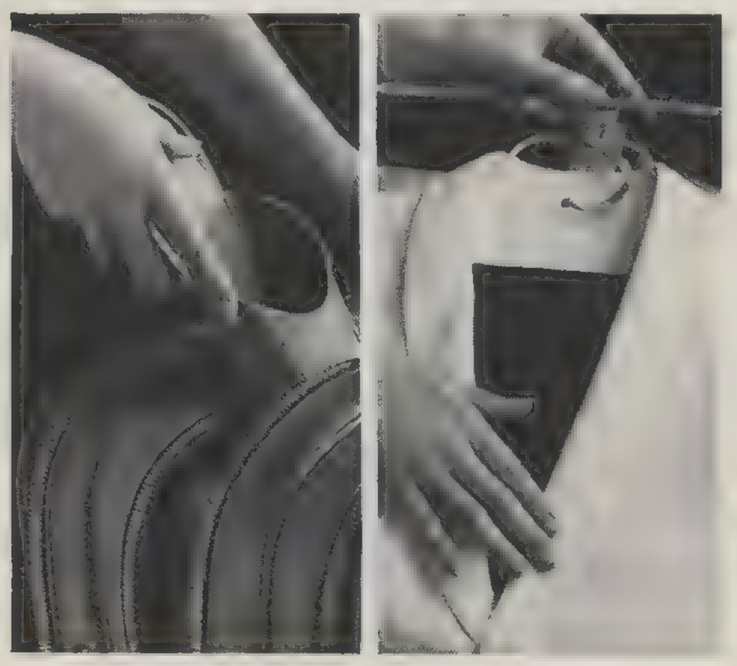
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About $60.
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Estée Lauder



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Queen Victoria would've Absolutely shocking.

We (Clairtone's Peter Munk, engineer, and David Gilmour, designer) have come up with something as different from stereo as stereo was from hi-fi.

We call it Project G.

Victoria would've called it shocking.

Project G doesn't look like anything traditional; mainly because it doesn't sound like anything traditional.

Instead of just everyday speakers, Project G uses things called Sound Globes.

Turn these globes a little toward the walls, and you hear sound reflected the way it's reflected in big concert halls.

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Shocking. Absolutely shocking.



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But then, I was always a blonde at heart! Isn't every woman?

At last I look like I like—and I love it! What a joy. Remember Helen of Troy? She was the blonde who launched a thousand ships. (Cleopatra only had a barge.) So switch now to bewitch now!

With Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, it's so easy. Ultra-Blue is that quick, cool, gentler hair lightener that really cares for your hair. Achieves the soft-toned, dreamier blonde look destined to turn heads, launch ships or just change dull, mousey hair into irresistible blonde appeal.

So if you're a blonde at heart, be a blonde in fact. Act! Get Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol. Try it alone...with Clairol Creme Toner* or Clairol Born Blonde*. The glamour you'll feel is for real! Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is Lady Clairol.



Ultra-Blue® Lady Clairol®

cremogenized® hair lightener

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DISCOVER YOUR MOST EXCITING NATURAL LOOK: VISIT CLAIROL COLOR CAROUSEL, N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR



So little Veilesscence is needed for a soft, transluminant,
glowing makeup, we had to make a special beauty spoon for measuring it.

Charles of the Ritz

THE MOST LUXURIOUS LINER IN THE WORLD
FRENCH LINE S/S FRANCE
FRED, JEWELLER, 6 RUE ROYALE, PARIS
DISPLAYS



ABOARD
THE MOST LUXURIOUS WATCHES IN THE WORLD : THE PIAGET COLLECTION

The wonderful PIAGET collection which has been welcomed with much enthusiasm in all the great capitals is now being displayed for the first time on board.

For this first cruise, FRED Jeweller of Paris could not have chosen a more sumptuous vessel in which to display PIAGET than the passenger ship FRANCE which is patronised by the world's élite and has been designed with a view to comfort and leisure.

A corner of the 1st class Grand Salon

Splendid lounges, quiet reading rooms, comfortable smoking-rooms, sunny decks protected from cold winds and conducive to happy hours of "farniente", in fact every conceivable amenity that goes to make a wonderful holiday. What a perfect background for the display of this already famous "de luxe" collection! And people for whom elegance is a natural feature are thus given an opportunity to admire a unique collection of watches and jewels. Hundreds of gold or platinum models, sometimes set with gems, all different in



1st class dining-room

THE COLLECTION OF PIAGET WATCHES ON A CRUISE ON BOARD THE S/S FRANCE



design but identical from the standard of beauty, prove to the world the superiority of PIAGET master-craftsmen.
Ultrathin watches for ladies and gentlemen, gem-set and other "de luxe" models for ladies, coin watches and of course the only ultrathin selfwinding watch in the world with a movement only 2.3 mm thick.
If the FRANCE has been able to provide her elegant passengers with two magnificent salt-water swimming pools, PIAGET has created for them the first "de luxe" ultrathin waterproof watch with, as unique feature, an expanding bracelet entirely of gold.

1st class smoking-room



May 21 - June 1, 1965
Havre - New York
New York - Havre
The collection of
Piaget watches
on a cruise on board
the S/S France

Any Tahitian girl can tell you the secret of coconut oil.

Breck Creme Rinse can give it to you.

Untangle yourself.
After every shampoo, let Breck Creme Rinse caress your hair with the secret of coconut oil.
Like liquid silk, it reaches every strand to give you instant manageability.
Only a creamy liquid rinse can be so thorough. Run a comb through. You'll never meet a snarl again.
And when it's dry, you'll see a new smoothness that makes your hair look cleaner, shinier, lovelier than ever.
Even when the trade winds blow, your hair will refuse to tangle. The secret of coconut oil makes all this possible.
Ask any Tahitian girl.



Beautiful Hair
BRECK

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soothing,
smoothing...

does wonderful
things
for your legs

new LADY GILLETTE complete shaving care

Designed just for you by Gillette—the first start-to-finish, completely feminine shaving method. Yes, only Gillette could make feminine shaving so new, so complete ...so soothing, so smoothing. It does wonderful things for your legs! New Lady Gillette shaving care. Complete kit, including tote bag, only $2.98 plus tax. Conditioner and Moisturizer also available separately, 98¢ each.



New Lady Gillette Pre-Shaving Conditioner—satin-smooth foam that protects, conditions skin, lets your razor glide smooth and easy with a touch like velvet.

Lady Gillette Beauty Razor with Stainless Blades—slim, light, beautifully balanced. Designed for perfect comfort, even in delicate underarm areas.

New Lady Gillette After-Shaving Moisturizer—luxurious lotion! Softens, soothes for the loveliest finish feminine shaving ever had.

© THE GILLETTE CO. 1965

Justin McCarty



Our Justin McCarty season-spanning, globe-circling three piece suit ... the Jacket in curry brown or maroon, etched with black braid and domed buttons to match the narrow stripes of the Overblouse and the slim black Skirt. A jet set fashion ... in Courtauld's linen look textured rayon. 6 to 16. About $36.

Woolf Brothers

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Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas
Phil A. Halle, Memphis

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

June

Flamenco dance—as exercise For the delectation of any woman who'd like to see her arms strengthened, toned, rounded (see Beauty Bulletin, this issue), with muscles from underarm to fingertip under completely new control—the perfect exercise is Flamenco. (You've never seen a Flamenco dancer whose arms are anything but young, and you never will, no matter what her age.) One non-Iberian New Yorker, who cheerfully describes herself as a matron, is now in her fifth year of Flamenco dance lessons. "I do it because it makes me feel wonderfully fit and graceful. And—let's not mince words—it's great for intestinal tone, as well as for everything else . . .".

Flamenco lessons—whereabouts Seems there are, here and there, all over the U.S.A., small groups of people who are beginning to set up their own Flamenco classes. Classes taught by Flamenco specialists who, while they don't exactly grow on *arboles*, have become far more numerous and findable lately. The wild success of the Spanish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair produced an inflow of authentic Flamenco dancers and kith and kin—and stimulated night-place owners across the country to book in Spanish dancers. Result, availability of specialists who can be persuaded. . . .

Flamenco dance class—the set-up In the classes he conducted in New York City, the late great dancer, Juan Martinez, discovered a curious thing: any age seems to be a good age to learn Flamenco; it is the one dance in which accumulated years are an advantage. (Among Flamenco dancers, the older the dancer the better—hence the arrangement, in any Flamenco dance program, of younger dancers first and older dancers last as dessert.) . . . Another Martinez finding was that in teaching his art to non-Spanish non-dancers, people at every level of proficiency could share the same class with advanced Flamenco dancers. Reason: Flamenco consists of mastery of four techniques, each learned separately, then coordinated. Martinez found he could have any combination going; one student struggling with one phase, another working at another phase, while still another, having mastered all four phases, might be doing splendidly at the centre of the wildly throbbing studio floor. . . .

Flamenco—the phases Any woman taking up Flamenco for her arms' sake can get her hand in by reading a never-surpassed book: *Spanish Dancing*, by La Meri, published in 1948 by A. S. Barnes & Co. The chapter called "Techniques" provides a working knowledge and outlines the four phases of learning. These are: Carriage—a flowing ease is the objective, with head, shoulders, abdomen thrust back, and the back arched upward between the shoulder blades. Armwork might be next. "In the Flamenco dance the hands and wrists take on amazing and difficult sinuosity . . ." There are specific positions for arms, just as there are positions in ballet. The arms are never flung about, the elbows never drop; the wrist is turned up and around. Castanets, or *castañuelas*, are a sub-lesson practised separately; they become a part of the compound arm movement only when they are in good voice and under firm management. (Even in a chorus, no mis-clack goes unnoticed by a teacher with a sharp ear—each pair of castanets has its own recognizable voice.) Legwork is the third phase—movements are compact; positions are prescribed. Fourth—and not a bad exercise in itself—is facial control. Proud, ecstatic, dignified: this is the face illuminated by the study and spirit of Flamenco. . . .

Flamenco—side-tracked During a hiatus between teachers (her current Flamenco instructor had returned to Spain), the heroine of the first paragraph above once found herself temporarily teacherless. Determined not to lose her newly-gained muscle tone, she resolved her dilemma in a way we applaud—though we're not sure the world is ready for it. "I decided that since Flamenco is Oriental, really Moorish, I'd make do with lessons from a belly dancer until another Flamenco teacher turned up. Worked fine. Anything you learn in Flamenco translates nicely into belly dancing . . ."
(More Checkout, page 52)

HAVE A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE SUN



It kisses you with color.

BAIN de SOLEIL

Famous Dark, new White, new Fluid. 2.00 each. Fair and Tan, 2.50. plus tax.

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the soft cheek...the moist mouth...the

Cover Girl



COVER GIRL

TILLY TIZZANI

Here, she pairs new, lush Amber Gleam lipstick with Basic Tan make-up.

Variations on
The Cover Girl Look:

Apricot Gleam lipstick topped with Ginger Frost. Basic Tan make-up.

Coral Gleam lipstick "pearled" with Natural Frost. Basic Beige make-up.

Cover Girl Sun Shades are all enriched with exclusive, protective Noxzema-medicated moisture.

THE COVER GIRL LOOK FOR SUMMER

Sun-drenched beauty without sun-baked dryness. The secret: New Cover Girl Make-up and Lipsticks, enriched with Noxzema-medicated moisture, to give you the plush-soft cheek, the lush, moist mouth.

Now, the summer-long benefits of Noxzema-medicated moisture in a fashion-news series of beige to amber tones: the flattering Cover Girl Sun Shades. Your clue to the Cover Girl Look. Soft. Moist. Inviting.

MAKE-UP SUN SHADES

Basic Tan • *Basic Beige*

LIPSTICK SUN SHADES

Coral Gleam • *Apricot Gleam* • *Amber Gleam*
Ginger Frost • *Natural Frost*

FOR THE COVER GIRL LOOK

Get the make-up that's good for your skin...
Liquid and Pressed Powder, 1.50.
Color that's good for your lips, 1.50. Refills, 1.10.

each plus tax.



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Martini & Rossi Vermouth **all by itself.**

The way she likes it...he likes it...you'll like it.

Sweet or Extra Dry on the rocks.

Europe's distinguished Vermouth

is now the nation's favorite.



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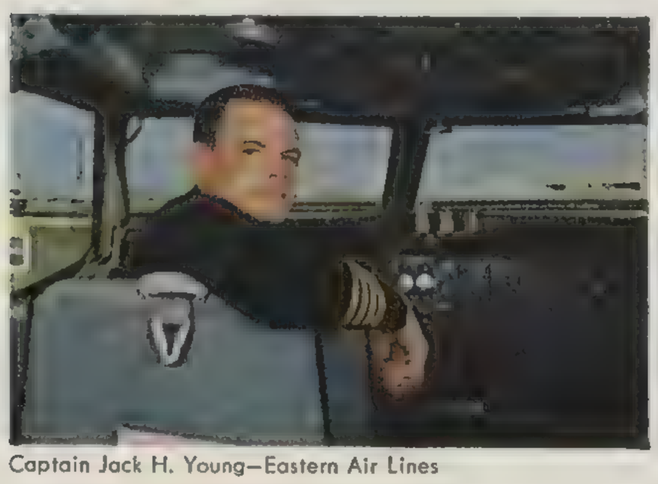


MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

Why are dinners on Eastern Famous Restaurant flights from New York prepared by Voisin?

For the same reason Eastern Captains go back to school every year.



Captain Jack H. Young—Eastern Air Lines

Why will you find a nursery in every Falcon Lounge? Why does an Eastern Stewardess wear a suit designed by Don Loper and accessories by Neiman-Marcus? Why will Eastern's Whisperjet fleet soon number 50?

For one reason: to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown on. Every new convenience, every new comfort or touch of elegance we add along the way becomes another opportunity for us to say "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

EASTERN

See how much better an airline can be



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the
goddess
of
fragrance....
Ambush
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Dana

• the goddess symbol that is Dana





Mr. Conrad N. Hilton thinks a lady who travels needs more than just four walls and a studio bed.

What about a magnifying mirror so you can see what you're doing in the morning. What about some real hangers instead of those wire things. What about a bathroom scale. A shower cap. A thing full of bath salts. A hosiery hanger. What about everything... in one room ...designed, decorated from carpet to ceiling...just for ladies alone. Reserved just for ladies. No cigar-smoking man is ever going to step foot in there unless you're having a business meeting. Because we think ladies are on the way up in business. And you don't mind if we bend over backwards a little, do you?

For instant reservations of Lady Hilton rooms at no extra cost, call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. Carte Blanche, "Hers" and Hilton Credit Identification cards are always welcome. Hilton Hotels Corporation. Conrad N. Hilton, Chairman. Robert P. Williford, President.

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Never the homemade look.™
Hair color by L'Oréal...
preferred by the world's great salons.



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COIFFURE BY MARK TRAYNOR, OF L'OREAL FURS BY GEORGES KAPLAN DIAMONDS BY HARRY WINSTON, INC. GOWN BY HARVEY BERIN

Color like this could come only from L'Oreal —and your hairdresser. For L'Oreal of Paris originated hair coloring. Still controls it best. Gives your hair colorist the most precise colors ever developed. Never a shade away from perfect. There's nothing at home like L'Oreal. Nor a thing homemade about the way you'll look. Beautiful, alive, scintillating. The fresh, very French air of L'Oreal color glows throughout our cosmetics, too. Head to toe. Come to *your* salon for L'Oreal. You'll go home a lot richer.

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FROM THE FRENCH FORMULAS OF

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Busy women, who have to look their best at a moment's notice. Sensible women, who want a light, airy, comfortable wig. Fashion-conscious women, who are concerned with style and color. Sophisticated women, who know the best wigs are made in Europe of the finest natural hair. Satisfied women, who are glad they bought the world's finest wig.

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Place settings priced from $17.95 to $75.00. For full color literature, send 25c to Lenox, Inc., Dept.A-12, Trenton, N.J.

classic moment in Athens

The Parthenon lies brooding on a templed hill...symbol of a golden moment in the journey of mankind. Below, the moonlit harbor glitters silver in the night.
This is the moment that belongs to your hostess. With infinite artistry she has set the scene. And what a magnificent setting for her lovely Lenox China.

No wonder distinguished hostesses all over the world decide to make this gracious tradition a part of their own lives. To select this internationally renowned china for their own tables.

LENOX CHINA

italy

is for people like Michelangelo, Verdi, Sophia, Pucci and you. Italy is the Italians who made history...and their descendants, who make you welcome, admire you out loud. They are why three things happen to Americans in Italy—you feel at home the moment you land; you pick up more Italian than you need; and you leap out of bed in the morning.

The day will be sunny—it nearly always is—and eager as you are, you will not rush. Nobody rushes...or rushes you in Italy. Italy is the rooms full of Michelangelo and Botticelli and Raphael you expect—and the Leonardo drawing hiding behind a door at the Borghese. Italy is Aida at LaScala...and the songs of the fishermen overheard on your balcony. Italy is the Forum of the ages, and the prophetic Rome station...and was that Sophia herself that just passed by?

Italy is a climate so benevolent you bask without a beach, although two of the world's seven best beaches are in Italy—and dozens of other contenders. If you love the sea, there are two lapping Italy from either side. Spas are everywhere. The mountains range from Alps where you can ski all year to Tuscan hills that roll so gently you won't know you're climbing them. No wonder so many master painters are Italian; look at the land they have to paint...and the beautiful people.

It always comes back to the people. That's why people always come back to Italy.



ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE TO ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE, DEPT. I (E.N.I.T.) 626 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO 2, 203 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 1, 3 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL.



A bath so beautiful only Yardley could make it happen. For only Yardley could press so much fragrance into a single cake of soap...fragrance that spills over the moment you touch it to water, steeping you in the delicate scent of fresh flowers.

English-milled for quality that lasts, the only air in Yardley Perfumed Soap is the air of unmistakable luxury. You feel more feminine...you become more feminine. Your skin glows with beauty, its precious oils preserved and protected.

Discover what can happen to the everyday...every day you bathe with Yardley.

Yardley



Yardley Perfumed Soap in boxes of 3 from $1.25. Red Roses, April Violets, Crushed Carnation, English Lavender. Scents echoed in bath products, colognes, perfumes. Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.



THE ATTRACTIVE MODEL
ON THE MISS HOLLYWOOD
IS ELEANOR HANSBERRY
ORIGINATOR OF HOLLYWOOD BREAD

Women who travel
to the most exciting places in the world,
demand the bread
with the exciting good taste...
Hollywood Bread.
Get Hollywood thin-look slice...
baked in light and dark.
Write to Hollywood Bread,
Hollywood, Florida
and get the new 1965
"What have you got to lose
Diet Plan."







Pamper yourself!

Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

Isn't it time you really *thrilled* to your hair color? Then visit your hairdresser. Learn how lustrous, how exciting hair coloring *can* be—with Roux. ■ It's no secret why Roux stands so high with professional colorists. Roux provides the most natural looking colors imaginable, for gray or dull hair. The most exquisite pastel toning colors, for bleached hair. Roux pampers your hair, gives it a luminous glow, a silky-soft feel. It makes your hair color more exciting, so helps you *feel* more exciting. ■ So if you've tired of the ordinary, go see your hairdresser. It's worth it!



Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG. TRADE MARK ©1985 ROUX LABORATORIES, INC.



Beauty Checkout

(Continued from page 36)

The bath biz—bigger and bigger

A bit ago we observed on these pages how baths were beating out showers in the American domestic scene. Now we have an impressive token of how right we are. One classic Fragrance of the Western World, Chanel No. 5, is getting itself bottled up bigger than ever in its bath-oil version. Into a vast glass rectangle, Chanel is pouring eight fluid ounces of oil for the bath. and out of that bottle and into some of the more edifying baths in the land, people are pouring No. 5, no skimping necessary. "Primarily sultry, but at the same time exalting. Narcotic + erogenic + stimulating effects produced by: rose, orris, jasmine, fatty aldehydes, vetiverol, methyl ionone, vetiveryl acetate." Latter the words of a German parfumeur describing the chemistry of No. 5 in a 1949 technical book, *The Practice of Modern Perfumery*. That all of those roses and jasmine and fatty aldehydes et cet have been harnessed in oil in such quantity is all to the good of the body and soul of the bather. . . . The giant-size Chanel bath oil joins other No. 5 bath, shower, and after-bath matters. Is it just as exalting, narcotic, and stimulating as it was in 1949? Sixteen years more so. . . .

How to speak the language of flowers

Having nothing whatever against the standard mouthwashes—except for their identifiably-flavoured astringency—we do not mean to knock those pleasant do-gooders. We do propose, however, a nice little alternate dodge to obviousness; and to us it seems somehow more in keeping with the sensibilities of a newly fragrance-conscious world. This is: the delicious Rose Geranium mouthwash by the English house, Floris, which one might buy (at such as Caswell-Massey in New York) and decant into one of the many purse-size atomizers about. . . . In the last issue of Vogue, we talked about the atomizer by Step; we now find this works splendidly with good Rose Geranium. Directions for use of this atomizer are vital to success: one must always turn the atomizer upside down until pressure on the head of the thing produces a vapour. Won't work otherwise; but works with a lifetime guarantee from then on. . . .

Makeup that keeps up with suntan

The sudden happy colour that outdistances the pre-sun makeup, leaves it useless and in need of instant replacement, has been artfully dealt with by a squeeze bottle. This bottle, just one-and-a-half-inches high and one-half-inch wide, could see a smart operator from this moment on straight through Labor Day. (For that matter, even an inept operator will get along swimmingly with it.) Tan Tone, a makeup blender which is the thoughtful accomplishment of Rayette, is the little dear in point, and each of its points is splendid. As you get pinker and browner, Tan Tone is right there with you, colouring your regular makeup to the degree that your tan demands. One drop mixed in your hand to your order with your particular breed of foundation usually does it. Tan Tone deepens and darkens a base without playing havoc with its basic colour. Rose becomes rosier, golden beige becomes golden beigey-er. For the suntan that develops a new personality in one day's time, the advantages of a quick makeup adjuster are obvious. . . .

Girdle made of nylon and Vyrene spandex. Vyrene is U.S. Rubber's reg. trademark for its spandex fiber



That's why there's Vyrene® in Formfit-Rogers' new "Little Viva" pantie girdle. Because no two young women are built exactly alike.

You may wear the same size pantie girdle as another girl. You may both favor a little nothing garment to go under your little nothing bikini slacks or your shifts. But you may be shaped quite differently.

No matter how brief the girdle, it should give you natural lightweight control and still fit your individual contours.

Vyrene fits more women because it has more stretch than other spandexes. More power. And power net with Vyrene is a beautifully sheer fabric.

(You'll love the way Formfit-Rogers has dipped the back of "Little Viva" so nothing shows under your low-slung slacks. If that's your style.)

Textile Division U.S. RUBBER

Vyrene spandex is made by the people who first put the stretch in fashion with famous Lastex®... U.S. Rubber.

There's no little body in the world quite like LynneWood's little body.

Should a woman pay for something she can't feel and nobody else can see?



You're looking at our patented no-band Sonliner.

Notice the sheerness. Cantrece. Tough, yet delicate. Like Delilah.

Notice the absence of the painful sheath of rubber bands around the top. No longer do your feet have to come home with deep grooves in them.

No-band Sonliner stays just under your shoe, never to crawl up. (The big-banded kind roll up your foot and look icky.)

Nobody ever sees a Sonliner unless you want to show it off.

Now. Examine the values: you *don't* get a bunch of painful rubber bands and you *don't* get anything the bridge club will rave about.

So, for once in your life, if you'd like to get nothing for something, buy a pair of Sonliners this afternoon.

no-band sonliners® by nuweave

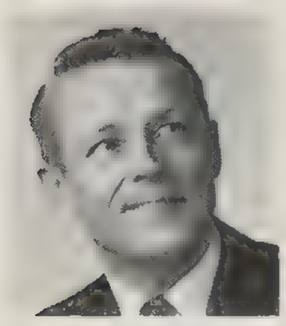
Nuweave is a division of May Hosiery Mills, P. O. Box 1207, Nashville, Tenn. Sonliner, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. No. 3,059,458

Hate that gray? Wash it away!™



Loving Care colors only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!

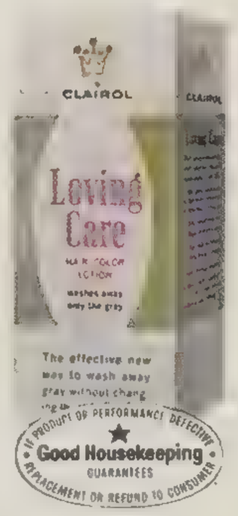


Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. Choose the tone most like your own—blonde to Natural Black.

Needs no peroxide developer. Leaves your hair vital, glossy, in better condition than ever. And there's nothing to mix or add—Loving Care just pours on right out of the bottle! Even the fragrance is mild, delightful. Best of all—washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any! Won't rub off, won't brush off. Not a tint, better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

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Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL



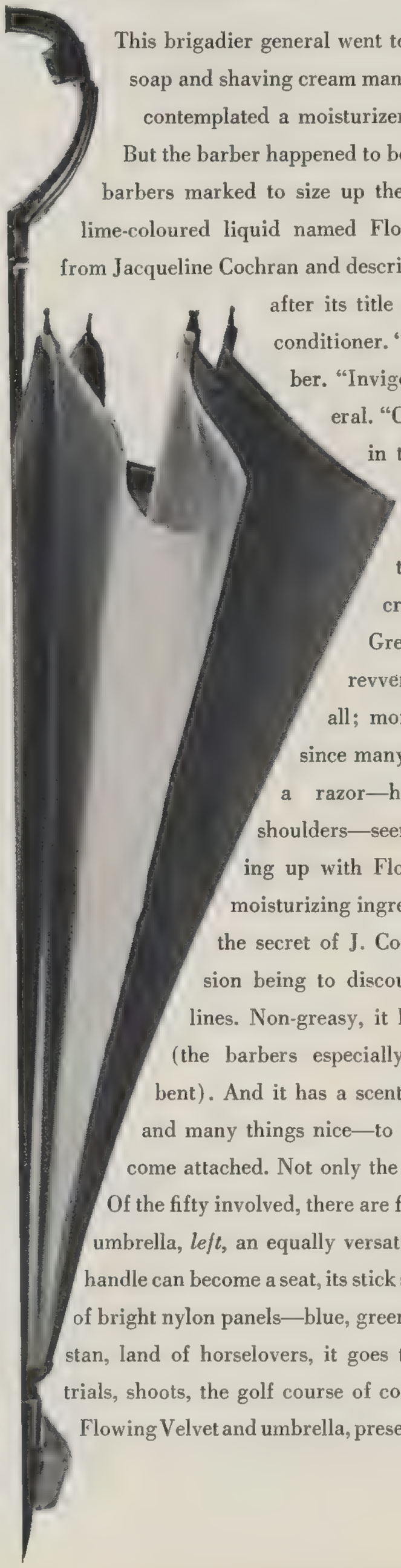
How smart you *look* in Ray-Ban Sun Glasses! There's an enchanting air about you that makes heads turn, gives you a very special place in the sun. Choose from dozens of frame styles so flattering they're almost wicked!

How smart you *are* in Ray-Bans. Lenses of optical glass are *scientifically* designed to keep your eyes cool, calm, and protected. Be a beauty with brains in Ray-Ban Sun Glasses. At optical offices and better stores. Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Bans in your prescription. For free style catalog, write Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, New York 14602.

BAUSCH & LOMB Ray-Ban® **SUN GLASSES**

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Face-coverage: word from the barbers for the faces of man



This brigadier general went to his barber. Strictly a soap and shaving cream man, the general had never contemplated a moisturizer. Nor had the barber. But the barber happened to be one of a panel of fifty barbers marked to size up the properties of a clear lime-coloured liquid named Flowing Velvet for Men from Jacqueline Cochran and described in lower case right after its title as an after-shave skin conditioner. "Try it," urged the barber. "Invigorating," said the general. "Cool," said a neighbour in the swivel chair to the left, a merchant prince whose a-little-less-than-princely skin craved just such a tonic. Great coverage for skin, a revver-up for skin, agreed all; more than an after-shave, since many areas that never meet a razor—hands, elbows, arms, shoulders—seem the better for meeting up with Flowing Velvet. It has a moisturizing ingredient named Hydrolin, the secret of J. Cochran, Hydrolin's mission being to discourage dehydration and lines. Non-greasy, it has antiseptic qualities (the barbers especially admired its healing bent). And it has a scent—of balsam and spice and many things nice—to which men quickly become attached. Not only the men but their barbers. Of the fifty involved, there are fifty enthralled. . . . Golf umbrella, *left*, an equally versatile coverage matter. Its handle can become a seat, its stick sticks-in-the-mud. Made of bright nylon panels—blue, green, yellow, red—in Pakistan, land of horselovers, it goes to horse shows, hunter trials, shoots, the golf course of course. . . . All coverage, Flowing Velvet and umbrella, present at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Hippy?

Sometimes you just can't wear a girdle.

So, what's a girl to do if she's "hippy"?

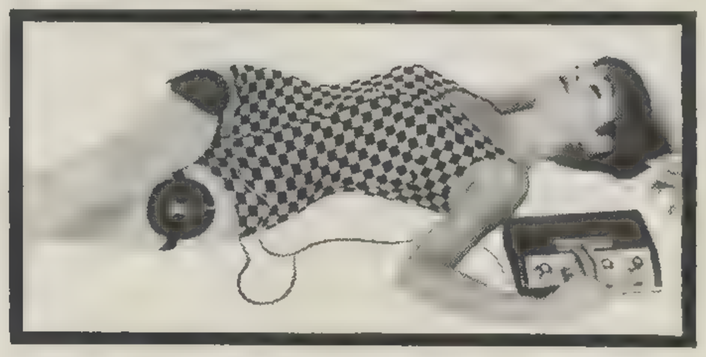
Improve her very own "natural girdle" of muscles, that's what!

How?

By exercising the muscles of the hip and thigh areas.

But, isn't that a lot of work?

Nope. No work at all if you use a Relax-A-cizor. Relax-A-cizor, you see, is the luxuriously *effortless* way to reduce the size of selected areas of your figure while you REST...at home!



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Line on Lingerie

Dotted swiss and daisies

In summer, the delicious idea is to have masses of lingerie so fresh it makes you cool just to look at it, so cleanly enticing you can hardly wait to get into it. And if it practically irons itself, so much the better. We think white dotted swiss fits the description perfectly, particularly a skimmy little slip edged with lace, two minute daisies embroidered just below the bosom, two more scattered near the hem. The slip is by Sans Souci, of Dacron and cotton—the freshness is yours for $6 at Altman's; Hutzler's.

What goes under hip-slung bikini pants?

What goes as of now is: a light quick-as-a-minute white pantie girdle cut to sit precisely where low-slung pants sit—right on the hipbone, about one-and-a-half inches below the waist. From there down: three sleek pink-flowered panels smooth the hips, hold the tummy. And do it from the *inside*, look at flat as though they weren't there at all. We see no reason why this wouldn't be the answer under all the clothes that go with an active summer. By Venus, made with Lycra. It's $9 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.

Sleeping capsules, short and pleated

Pleated fingertip nightdresses are wonderful in the summer—short and swingy, loose everywhere, cool and comfortable for sleeping. One that enchants us: a soft swirl of pink with bursts of tiny pleats for the collar and sleeves, more pleats at the hem and around the leg of its little panties. By Evette, of Dacron and cotton (Cone fabric). $6 buys it at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Another fingertip fall of pleats is pale blue, sleeveless, edged with the tiniest border of marquisette and worn over brief matching panties. Also by Evette, of Dacron and cotton (Cone fabric), this is $8 at Altman's and Julius Garfinckel. The barest fingertip nightdress of all—sleeveless and cut low in front—is all clear sky-blue pleats taking off from braided straps, ending in a smooth, flared border at the hem. It swings through summer nights over blue bikini panties. By Van Raalte, of Antron nylon, it costs $12 at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.

Top-of-the-knee nightdressing

Word about a nightshirt that's gone completely feminine. Knee-length and sleeveless, it's a skim of almost transparent white Swiss cotton edged everywhere—including the shirttail hem—with tiny scallops of Cluny lace. Red and white flowers climb around the buttons in front. By Virginia Wallace, it comes with its own panties, costs $15 at Saks Fifth Avenue and Rich's. On the non-transparent side, we like the idea of a knee-length night shift in crisp white cotton eyelet over a soft pink lining that would look just as attractive at breakfast. Sleeveless, with a low ruffled neck, a deep flounce over the knee, and buttons down the front—this pretty bridge between nightdress and robe is also by Virginia Wallace; lining of Fortrel and cotton, about $23 at Henri Bendel and Sakowitz.

The prettiest pyjamas in ages

Irresistible, in fact—the lightest white batiste and lots of fragile-looking lace. The top is a tucked and lace-covered bolero closed with three little buttons above a bare midriff. The long straight pants have four rows of tucks running down the front of the leg to lace cuffs. All of this charm is by Christian Dior; of Dacron and cotton, costs about $30. Henri Bendel; Joseph Magnin.



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VOGUE'S

A happy birthday, in New York, for the American Ballet Theatre



1

For its twenty-fifth anniversary, the American Ballet Theatre grand jetted into Lincoln Center with its best dancing, freshest programming in years. One success followed another opening week—a rare *La Sylphide*, danced by Toni Lander, who leaps as if from a trampoline; a springy new Agnes de Mille, *The Wind in the Mountains;* a hurtling and triumphant Jerome Robbins interpretation of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. Everything justified the festive air of the opening night party, where the ballet world and young New York gathered to cheer the company's directors, Oliver Smith and Lucia Chase. "I've told her," Jerome Robbins said of Miss Chase, "the tree is slippery and the height tremendous, but nothing will avail. 'Forward,' she cries." Forward this year her company marched.

1. *La Sylphide:* Royes Fernandez and Toni Lander. 2. Mr. Leonard Bernstein; Miss Lucia Chase. 3. Mrs. Mato Marinovich; Mr. Montague H. Hackett, junior. 4. Congressman and Mrs. John V. Lindsay. 5. Mr. Oliver Smith; Miss Agnes de Mille. 6. Mr. Scott Douglas; Miss Carmen deLavallade. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Guettel. 8. Miss Mimi C. Vignos; Mr. Walter T. Shirley. 9. U.N. Ambassador Aquilino Boyd, of Panama; Mrs. R. Thornton Wilson, junior.



2

NOTEBOOK


3


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9

What does a hairdresser have to do with straighter-looking hair like this?



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Rio,

rhythm, fig ice cream, and cafèzinhos

In Rio de Janeiro everybody moves with rhythm all year. Everything has an inner, inner beat; drivers beat out rhythms on car windows; men talking tap out rhythms with their fingers.... Rice to Brazilians is what pasta is to Italians. They eat it twice a day with black or white beans, sometimes topped with fried egg. Brazilians don't care for regular potatoes, but like candied sweet potatoes for dessert. Enormous shrimps have a delicate flavour. *Vatapa,* a national dish—salad of shellfish or whitefish meat mixed with palm oil and mayonnaise, served in a mould and looking like a salad mousse—may be eaten warm or cold. . . . Local light beer tastes good. Sugarcane alcohol is potent. like white alcohol. Brazilians like *batida,* a thirst-quenching drink made with alcohol mixed with lemon or orange juice, sweetened with sugar or honey. then served iced: "It's good, not too alcoholic, and you don't collapse." Fruit bars, small open-front stalls, bloom everywhere. A favourite tropical fruit concoction is avocados whirled in a blender with milk and sugar: "Terribly fattening. but they shake it off."

Cariocas, as the people of Rio are called. drink endless *cafèzinhos,* little doses of scalding ink-black strong Brazilian coffee thick with sugar, in small half-filled cups. To make it, they pour boiling water over a flannel *cafézinho* bag filled with freshly roasted ground coffee, not quite powder fine. To enhance the rich flavour, some add a twist of lemon peel, others a cinnamon stick. . . . Much as Muscovites walk around the Kremlin in the snow licking ice-cream cones, Cariocas stroll around in the brilliant evening working on their scoops. The biggest queue in Copacabana on any night ends at Moraes, a stand where the ice creams come in persimmon, mango, fig, banana, avocado, and pineapple. . . .

"Interesting Brazilian food, candlelight, colonial atmosphere, and I was the only American in the place," a recent traveller said about Chalé, a small restaurant in Copacabana. Lunch by the pool at the Copacabana Palace Hotel is an extravaganza every Rio neophyte should try at least once. In the Golden Room, the hotel's nightclub, Carlos Machado, once a partner of the great Mistinguett, puts on Lido-sizzling floor shows, probably the best entertainment in Rio, not counting Carnival. . . . Perhaps the most charming little hotel along the Copacabana stretch is the Ouro Verde (Green Gold) diligently run by Swiss, which may explain why everything functions. . . . The imposing white marble Leme Palace Hotel survived the vagaries of opening during Carnival when things went haywire; now all rooms, including those on the sixth floor, have telephones; all four elevators work. . . . Brazilians are still singing the bossa nova "The Girl from Ipanema." Ipanema is the beach, on the point around the bend from Copacabana, where the young go. . . .

GOOD TO KNOW: For people flying down to Rio, Brazil's Varig Airlines flies non-stop from New York three times a week. For nine-and-a-half-hour overnight flight, thirty-day excursion fares, $679 in first class, $522 in economy. A non-uniformed hostess hovers tenderly around the passengers from the minute they step into Kennedy air terminal until they've cleared Brazilian customs at Rio's Galeo airport. This Executive Hostess, who speaks at least four languages, supervises stewards and stewardesses, and what they serve and how they serve it. She treats passengers—economy as well as first class—as captive guests.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Ralph Blum

God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, Or Pearls Before Swine, "*a keen ear for alarms*"

With any luck at all, the publication of Kurt Vonnegut, junior's, sixth novel, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, Or Pearls Before Swine* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), should guarantee this interesting writer his long overdue emergence from the underground into the mainstream of popular recognition and acclaim.

Eliot Rosewater, the millionaire hero of Vonnegut's telling and witty book, is a new type of Everyman: a spiritual volunteer fireman coming to the aid of the American Dream which, he feels, has "turned belly up, turned green, bobbed to the scummy surface of cupidity unlimited. . . ." Armed with the $3,500,000 annual income of the family foundation which he heads, Eliot wages war single-handed on behalf of individual human values. Speaking from a pay telephone on a street in Rosewater County, Indiana (where the money came from originally), Eliot tells his wife, "I look at these people, these Americans, and I realize that they can't even care about themselves any more—because they have no *use*. . . . Sylvia—I'm going to be an artist. I'm going to love these discarded Americans, even though they're useless and unattractive. *That* is going to be my work of art." The tragicomic description of Eliot's crusade is itself a minor work of art.

Vonnegut is a writer of protest exploring the vestiges of sanity and of caring not yet winnowed out of the American tradition. His theme is alienation. Not the puny alienation of the individual from his society, but rather the alienation of the commonweal from its own historical and ethical integrity. In all his books single men defect from—rather than pit themselves against—the system. He sees America as a nation plummeting from grace. In his first book, *Player Piano*, published in 1952 and quickly forgotten, the hero was tormented by the reduction of human beings to "worthless life" in the name of security and progress. *Player Piano* was that rare achievement—the successful anti-Utopian novel. As entertaining and original as Zamyatin's *We* (the 1924 model from which Huxley and Orwell borrowed so much for their own overrated exercises), *Player Piano* was effective in its concern with what we are becoming, largely because of Vonnegut's intense awareness of what we have been. This same concern is visible throughout the novels that followed: *The Sirens of Titan, Canary in a Cathouse, Mother Night,* and *Cat's Cradle.* A splendid illustration of just how far we have lapsed from our own honourable past occurs in *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* in the description of the world's largest private collection of harpoons and its current owner. "The marvellous collection belonged to a tall homosexual . . . named Bunny Weeks. . . . Bunny was the great grandson of the famous Captain Hannibal Weeks . . . the man who finally killed Moby Dick."

As a writer, Vonnegut is closer to John Cheever than to Terry Southern. Eliot Rosewater and Leander Wapshot would have understood each other; Eliot and Guy Grand, *The Magic Christian,* would not. *Mr. Rosewater* then is a novel about love; one in which even the most outlandish characters possess a life-saving sense of dignity. The volunteer fireman motif serves as an earnest of Eliot Rosewater's sane humanism. As he says, "when the alarm goes off," volunteer firemen provide "almost the only examples of enthusiastic unselfishness to be seen in this land. . . . The most contemptible man in town . . . will see his enemies put the fire out." Vonnegut has a keen ear for alarms.

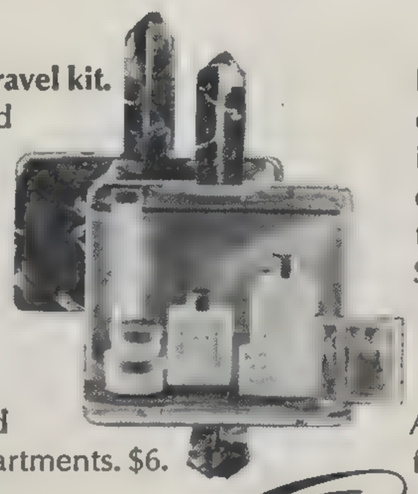
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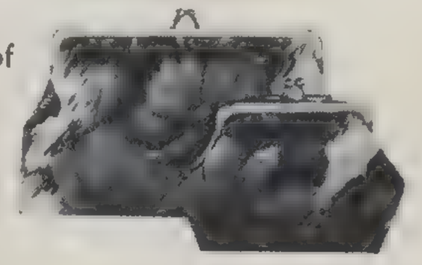
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Ivan Morris

Judith,

"the essence of theatricality"

The final offering at the Phoenix Theatre this season introduces one of Jean Giraudoux's major plays thirty-four years after it was written. *Judith* is based on an ironical, typically Giraudoux interpretation of an ancient story. The Judith of legend was a patriotic paragon who entered the tent of the Assyrian commander, Holofernes, and, having permitted his barbaric lust, neatly chopped off his head, thus saving the people of Israel. Giraudoux's Judith is a romantic young lady, tiresomely obsessed with her own virginity, who gives herself to the enemy leader for personal gratification; she kills Holofernes not for God, but for love, and at first passionately refuses to let the rabbis make her the subject of tribal legend.

No two heroines could be more dissimilar. With brilliant irony Monsieur Giraudoux has transformed the monolithic Biblical figures of Judith and Holofernes into complex modern characters. Yet, for all his sophisticated psychologism, his creations seem more apocryphal than those of the original legend.

In *Judith* we are asked to imagine that a virginal young girl will so enjoy her first sexual experience with a man—admittedly her people's greatest enemy and thus all the more stimulating—that she falls rapturously in love with him. Having succumbed, she promptly slaughters him in bed for fear that love will be blunted by repetition. "Sleep was his first betrayal," she explains when her lover's blood-soaked corpse is discovered.

Given her fondness for delusions, it is not surprising that in the end Judith allows herself to be made into a tribal myth. Yet this involves a complete *volte-face*, since a moment earlier she was insisting that she must be herself. Hard pressed to work her sainthood, Giraudoux invents an ambiguous soldier-angel figure, effectively played by Clayton Corzatte, who convinces her that, like him, she is something other than she seems.

The dialogue is fresh, witty, especially in the exchanges between Rosemary Harris, as Judith, and Paul Sparer, her prospective ravisher; and the scene in which a pederastic lackey plays a cruel joke on the girl by pretending to be Holofernes, only disclosing the truth after she has passionately embraced him, is the essence of theatricality.

The Amen Corner,

"shamelessly maudlin"

There is a scene towards the end of James Baldwin's *The Amen Corner* when one gets a glimpsé of the effective play it might have been. Bea Richards as Sister Margaret, a self-righteous revivalist minister in Harlem, realizes that her whole life is about to collapse; but, instead of crying, she bursts into laughter—laughter at the hopelessness of her predicament and at all sorts of absurd things in the past. Apart from this human, intensely dramatic moment, *The Amen Corner* is plodding, banal, and shamelessly maudlin. No less than two dying babies figure in the story, and the death scene of Sister Margaret's husband is the most shy-making sight on Broadway this season. "I'm so glad you've come back to me," says his wife in a sudden access of tenderness. "When your arms were around me," groans the dying man (embarrassingly acted by Frank Silvera, the director), "I was always so safe and happy." And then, perfectly on cue, he expires. So does everyone in the audience who is not blessed with an infinite tolerance for sentimentality.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Finnegans Wake,

"attempt that perhaps could not succeed"

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay. . . . Mary Ellen Bute has tried to get the flavour of Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* onto film. Fadings, dissolvings, sleepings and wakings, births and deaths, Shems and Shauns and Anna Livia Plurabelle. Something of the flow of life is certainly caught for us, but it could hardly be said that the film is a "success." We honour, instead, an attempt that perhaps could not succeed. Joyce is the most verbal of writers; words are all and they create by their associations one verbal image on top of another. Pictorial guides are few. And as you watch the "picturing" of the words, what remains most vividly is the memory of language spoken rather than scene enacted. There are some wonderful performances by people unknown to me; everything is sensitively imagined. After all, there is a certain relief of the spirit to be found in the amateur, and in that sense *Finnegans Wake* is a rewarding movie.

Lonely Boy,

"sneaky look at the national psyche"

The movie I've enjoyed most recently is a surprising short film called *Lonely Boy*. Still, it is with uncertainty that I use the word "enjoy" about this sneaky look at the national psyche. The young pop singer Paul Anka—theme song, "Anka's Away"—has shown courage or something in subjecting himself to this amount of truth. We do not know what he and his manager are really like, but from the evidence of the film Anka comes across as something soft and yet tenacious and grasping, washed up on the beach of show business. He tells of his "creation": "I was a fat kid, let's face it"; he took off pounds, had a nose carved out by a plastic surgeon. And then suddenly, hair-dressed and cuff-linked, he *existed*. Girls, not too pretty and for the most part themselves sunk into teen-age fat, squeal and sigh for him; Anka sings and flirts and makes it big at the Copa. His manager—again only as he appears in the film—is a pure schizophrene: oblivious, cornered, and fixed. And there they are: *in person!* Perhaps the vision will appear too blinding and this strange little document will have to be withdrawn in the interest of the record business.

Nobody Waved Goodbye,

"beautifully done in a plain way"

Lonely Boy is being shown with *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, another of those carefully observed, realistic films from Canada. It is about teen-agers and their shifting, disturbing sense of things, their "communication" problems with their parents. Life is hard and, while the appealing young boy arouses warm emotion in us, we are as disturbed as his parents by his lack of moral purpose. He takes his father's car even though he doesn't have a license; he cheats the customers at the parking lot where he works; at the end he is in real trouble with a stolen car, a considerable sum of stolen money, and a pregnant girl friend. The young people are sweet and open and yet dangerously thoughtless. *Nobody Waved Goodbye* is beautifully done in a plain way. It does not strive for the excitement of art so much as for the satisfactions of accuracy.



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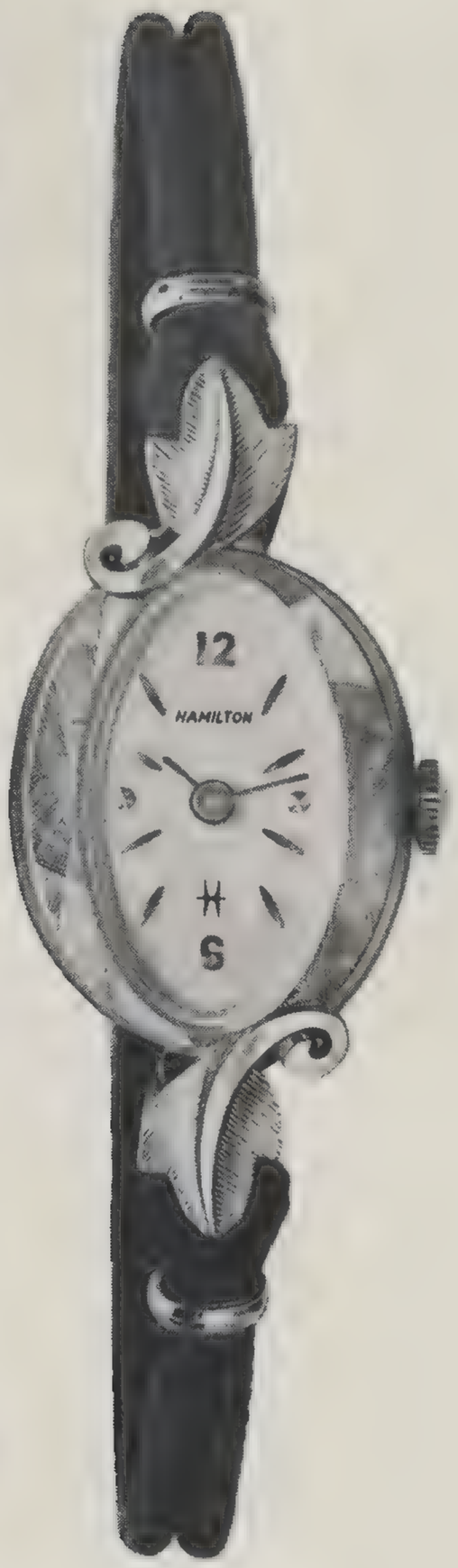
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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW



HENRY CLARKE

THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA

. . . tall and tan and young and lovely. . . . Our girl in Rio is Veruschka: beauty, mannequin, enjoyer of life. Lover of sun, samba . . . and the cool, empty hollows of summer. Savourer of the spacious moment; the moment suspended, stretched like a lulled and languorous hammock between poles of excitement. . . . All moments—all the rising, falling summer rhythms—the stillness before the storm, the storm itself, the calm that follows: all relished. Visibly here—a space of indolence and release in the lee of a special storm—Carnival, exploding next page. **The skirted black bikini,** above: Two strips of cotton, flock of flock-dots, and a bit of ruffly half-skirt—for a figure without a ruffle to its fame. By Brigance for Sinclair; about $18. Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. These 19 pages: Elizabeth Arden coiffures, by Imo.

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CARNIVAL BEAT

SUMMER FASHION PHOTOGRAPHED IN MOUNTING EXCITEMENT— CARNIVAL IN RIO

From the old Portuguese *Entrudo*—the flour-flinging, water-splashing Shrovetide festival of colonial Brazil—take the flavour of fun and release. Intensify with African drums. To rhythm and ritual add melody . . . movement . . . leaven with lyrics of topical wit. Mix, magnify, simmer for decades. And on Shrove Sunday Eve: bring to a boil. *Eis aqui:* Carnival!—the bright sustained fizz of excitement that catches all over Brazil . . . bursts spectacularly into flame in Rio de Janeiro. For the people—the *cariocas*—of Rio, all year leads to Carnival: costumes, from the simplest spoof to the most sumptuously jewelled court dress, are months in the making . . . through winter specially composed sambas and bossa novas by the great popular musicians—Almirante, Barbosa, Kleicus—are broadcast, learned, absorbed into samba tradition. . . . Involvement is complete. Then: in the streets, at a hundred balls—with one joyous voice—Rio explodes. For four nights and three days, Rio is a city set to music . . . a city enthralled. Rio sings, sambas. Throbs with people—like huge twisting serpents, the glittering *escolas de samba* parade through the crowds in marvellously choreographed tableaux . . . small *blocos* of happy amateurs display their own catching samba inventions . . . a lovely loner shuffles in solitary splendour to a beat felt deep in memory as well as heard. . . . Every sight and sound gay, impulsive, hypnotic, and this year—perhaps in the pride of Rio's four-hundredth birthday—more intoxicating than ever. Vogue's crew was there. And so say they all: Veruschka, who wears the clothes; Imo, the coiffeur; Henry Clarke, the photographer; and Vogue's friend, the writer, Roderick Cameron. . . . Herewith: Carnival in their own words.

VERUSCHKA: "... beach, white beach going as you fly over ... and green, just green. Polished green and shiny because of the rain. Enormous rain. Every day. Tropical and strong. But fast. Like that—it's finished. Then, so fresh—blue skies and shiny bamboo forests; cactus and flowers—violet, yellow; and the sea is a lovely colour. . . . Beautiful little islands where the sea goes way in at the coast. All green, and white sand, and pink—pink houses, pink rocks. Marvellous shapes of mountains, and the trees—high, high, high. You feel space here . . . a good emptiness. . . . From the mountains the people come to Carnival; it's the biggest thing in their life . . . all year they live for it. Their costumes they make themselves. Some very very simple—sacks and Coca-Cola caps; of these things they make a dress. Out of oil cans they make drums, and when they beat them with sticks the sound goes zzzzzz. Goes and goes. Very strong, very monotone. . . . In the streets, people dancing together in groups. Big, small . . . many, many groups. A dancer moves apart from the group . . . for a few minutes, a star. One little girl—only a child, but with the self-consciousness of a woman and a specialness—dancing like a real performer in front of her group. Dancing just for a boy. She was something very great, that one. And he was something great . . . they are beautiful, the Brazilian boys. Dark blond, with blue or green eyes; tanned, tall, marvellous bodies. . . . All night the people stay in the streets. Without eating, without sleeping. Next morning you see them (Continued on page 78)

Linen—striped to beat the band, right: Blue and green charging down and across, going off like firecrackers on natural linen. Trigère's asymmetric romp, with one delicious little puff of sleeve and a slit skirt. Romping here on the beach of beaches—Veruschka and a band of bottle-capped *cariocas* at Ipanema. The dress of Win Anderson fabric. At Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's.

HENRY CLARKE



CARNIVAL BEAT... stocking masques and painted faces ... drums very strong, very monotone ... that is the trance ...

from the day before—still dancing. . . . Again at the balls. Everybody so happy, moving, singing, dancing without stop. On chairs, on tables . . . three clowns, dressed all alike in white, dancing in one spot all night long. Together, never separate because they know that together they look so beautiful. Like those bottles that can't fall, they have such balance . . . *Balança.* All samba is this. *Balança* on the body and the *balança* of life that the songs express. Always a little bit sad. But always, one big happy ending. Yes!"

RODERICK CAMERON: ". . . the snakes; the sapphire and scarlet macaws; the shimmering girls twisting and turning, hypnotized by the thudding of the drums, slowly moving forward to be lost in the distance . . . and immediately another *escola* twists into place. A band of broad-shouldered, flat-hipped youths garbed in satin and sequins and coiffed in long strands of ebony hair, pirouetting with canes and plumes. A boy in gold carrying macaws in gilded cages, the cages slung from a glinting pole across his shoulders. A supposed Indian from the Amazon basin bedecked in ostrich plumes—feathers never known to him before the advent of the Portuguese; up one arm, head hanging stiffly down to his knees, is coiled a live boa constrictor. . . . Crowds at the ball coming down the staircase . . . pouring down . . . hundreds of people. . . . The spontaneity of the people—the spirit they give to the carnival, and their fantastic rhythm. All the beat in the world is here . . . all the time. One hardly stops. You get back to your room at five in the morning, and it's all you can do to stop shaking."

IMO: "It's like another world down there. The girls. Green eyes and black hair—they are marvellous. . . . Carnival is like something you dream—people, music, everything going in slow motion, just going and going—wild! You don't sleep, you don't get tired. For three days and four nights everyone is awake, dancing . . . samba . . . bossa nova. I was doing it myself, dancing like mad in the streets. I don't know about the others; me, I lost two kilos."

HENRY CLARKE: "Everything is moving, everything is music . . . the beat, the mounting excitement make it all very very crazy in the streets—like trying to take fashion pictures of Madame du Barry being dragged to the guillotine. Even while photographing I could not stop dancing away—it is so completely overpowering. Men beating out rhythms with their fingers as they talk . . . our driver drumming on the car window . . . everyone, everyone, everyone has this incredible sense of rhythm. You notice girls in their teens with the same walk you see in the cage of a tigress . . . young boys with the most extraordinary balance. The way they move, the way they swim . . . everything they do has an inner inner beat. . . . I remember, at one of the parties, a very attractive blonde dancing on a table for three hours . . . for three hours she didn't leave that table, nor did she stop shaking and singing to the music of the carnival. . . . Time means nothing; every public clock in Rio remains set, dead set, at a different hour. The one working clock seems to be at the railroad station and even that, I suspect, has its days . . . its siesta."





Navy-dot-white — polka dots tim-dom-dom on silk surah, above, rustling, swaying, flicking a band of silk petals at the hem; a matching shawl tied around the head. Here, with clowns in fantasias of dead-white paint and brilliant pompons, at the Teatro Municipal ball. Dress and shawl from the Elizabeth Arden Spring and Summer Collection. House of Joy ring.

HENRY CLARKE

CARNIVAL BEAT . . . a fantastic rhythm . . . going and going and going
day and night . . . on the streets . . . on the beach



…e swinging to the ankles, left, played very cool in deeply embossed …tton—sleeves out, waist up, collar low and pointy. By Shannon Rodgers …or Jerry Silverman of Lamarre-TSM fabric; about $125. Trifari bracelet. Both: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Joseph Horne; Battelstein's; Joseph Magnin. Ipanema scene: the *escola de samba* from four pages ago "going zzzzzz with little sticks on oil-can drums." **White dipped in ruffles,** opposite: a chilled-wine freshness of cotton brocade, roped in green satin. By Mollie Parnis; about $185. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Bramson; Sakowitz. Rio street scene: a carioca in carnival splendour, her costume reflecting the glories of the old Brazil court.

Long and white and wrapped and beaded, left, a narrow stream of silk crêpe wrapped to one side and dazzled along the edges. By Jean Louis. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Joseph Warner crystal bracelets. **Flowers swing so cool and sway so gentle,** right, in a vibrant float of cotton voile, one shoulder covered by a matching stole. By Nat Kaplan, of Jacques Maisch fabric; about $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Elizabeth Arden coiffure, by Imo. Shown on the garden stairs of the Marqueza de Santos house in Rio, with gilded and costumed boys from the Teatro Municipal ball and an ostrich-plumed green parasol embroidered in pearls and tourmalines, all real.

HENRY CLARKE

CARNIVAL BEAT... clowns all in white, and white white faces... a boy sprayed in gold...

CARNIVAL BEAT...beasts and flowers in a bamboo forest...

Chiffon leopard, this page, rushing across flashes of bareness—a tawny, beautiful asymmetry by Galanos. Of Bianchini silk. Bracelet by Mimi di N. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Neiman-Marcus; 1, Magnin.

Transparent wild flowers swirling on greenery, opposite, tossing an organza poncho against a matching skin-of-jumpsuit lined in pale blue crêpe. By Griffe, of Bianchini silk.

HENRY CLARKE



CARNIVAL BEAT... cariocas in costume... dancing, dancing
without stop... everything is music... everything is moving...



Chiffon flying from one shoulder, left — bright, buoyant, bitter-green mists with only a marvellous figure to cling to. By Malcolm Starr of Stern & Stern silk; about $160. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Joseph Warner bracelets. Shown at the Marqueza de Santos house, with a young carnival hero in a cloak of many jewels.

Pleats moving a column of white crêpe, right, under a great spill of collar, dipped in back. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner of Chardon-Marché silk. Lord & Taylor. Fabiola earrings. Arpad rings. Elizabeth Arden coiffures by Imo.

HENRY CLARKE

CARNIVAL BEAT...a fantasy Indian feathered and jewelled...three clowns all alike in white, dancing in one spot all night long...

Here come the checks, left, streaking to the ground in pink and white, refreshing everyone in sight: a clean slice of a dress with a slightly lifted waist, and—not shown—a short matching jacket. By Ben Zuckerman, in Abraham woven checks of cotton and nylon. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Earrings by Coppola & Toppo. Elizabeth Arden coiffure, by Imo. Carnival background, this page: three clowns in gauzy white, identical and inseparable at the Teatro Municipal ball. Opposite, carnival faces stockinged and in Indian paint, with a pride of feathers, a blazing jewelled collier.

HENRY CLARKE





CARNIVAL BEAT . . . all day long, boom boom boom on the streets . . . everybody dances . . .

White piqué crisped in ruffles, left: one row running lower at the back of the neck, another raised on the waist; a little tie below. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Arnel piqué (Rubin Levine fabric); about $45. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Jacobson's, Michigan. Earrings by Arpad—swings of coral caviar-beads.
White ottoman shifty on the figure, above left: high squared neck, spot of glitter, then—zoom—right down the leg, hardly touching at all. By Hannah Troy, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $70. Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny. Earrings: Amourelle by Kramer—tangerine hoops, jewelled flowers—Altman's.
White piqué bared on one shoulder, above right, bowed on the other: a sparkling freshness of cotton to dance in, and—not shown—a matching scarf to tie over it. By Junior Sophisticates; about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Hudson's. Earrings by Arpad. Rio mise-en-scène: sun-lit streets throbbing with sound, movement . . . carnival.

HENRY CLARKE

CARNIVAL BEAT . . . samba all the time . . . without eating, without sleeping . . .

Icy white lace, above, cooled on a blaze of bubbled white dress. By Jane Derby. Of double-knitted Antron nylon and cotton (Alamac fabric); $125. K.J.L. bracelet. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress: Joseph Horne. **Ripple of skirt,** below, snapping up the action in a double-breasted puff-of-white. By Jobère. Puffed wool. silk, Du Pont nylon (by Onondaga); $125. Lord & Taylor; Rich's. Pretty girl on the carnival beat: Srta. Ana Maria de Moraes Barros backed, both times, by the Seven Moderns of Rio's Copacabana Palace Hotel. **One bare shoulder,** right, in a short slippy fall of white silk crêpe. By Larry Aldrich; about $145. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stern & Mann. Jack Gilbert ring. Worn by Sra. Antonio Mayrink Veiga.

HENRY CLARKE



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

. . . Anything to ease thinking about the two subjects on everyone's mind: Vietnam and "the Negro Revolution." . . . The youthquake (Vogue's word) for the eruption of the young in every field—the young, no longer the silent generation but the generation committed, concerned, and loquacious. . . . Twenty-seven-year-old Peter Hill Beard and his book *The End of the Game,* with its fascinating focus on Beard's photographs of African animals—the curving lope of two cheetahs, a close-up of a rhino, running zebras, massed elephants, their eyes like small white buttons. . . . Tommy Steele, a bleak, perspiring British singer with a Cockney accent and a thin voice, as the star of *Half a Sixpence,* a Broadway musical, sticky with Victorian love, pretty costumes, and the kind of acting that even the Shubert operettas gave up. . . . The pleasure, the craftsmanship of the exhibition, "One Hundred Years of American Realism," arranged by Paul Magriel from his own collection of watercolours and pastels for the American Federation of Arts.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Catholic Mass now in English, the new understanding, the beauty of the service. . . . The masterpieces, including Degas, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Braque, David, Bonnard, now in six new galleries at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, all given by a shrewd, loving collector, the late Chester Dale, a small man with faded red hair, who in his last years kept his Collection revolving between the Washington museum, the walls of his apartment at New York's Plaza Hotel, and his bank vaults.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Petula Clark, a British pop singer who fails to be adolescent, sexy, or provocative, but is instead the thirty-one-year-old wife of a French executive, mother of two children, lives in Paris, sings in Spanish, German, French, and Italian, has sold more than twenty million records all over Europe and the United States where her pervasive hit is "Downtown," a getting-away-from-it-all wail. . . . Terence Stamp as a threatening young loony who collects butterflies and Samantha Eggar in *The Collector,* a film in harsh, unsuitable colour (who would illustrate Poe with postcards?); Stamp has a curious dollop of sex appeal, a Heathcliff masterfulness, and a weak dash of the-right-woman-could-save-me.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Penelope Gilliatt whose brilliant first novel, *One By One,* stretches the imagination with true intelligent suspense slashed with winkling wit in this story of the love and dilemma of a married couple imprisoned by their love and a plague in London now. . . . A sleepy-eyed Gregory Peck in *Mirage,* a hung-up suspense movie which confuses through too many dangling strands left unconnected; it has a classic chase, some five or six murders, amnesia, Fascism, and a private eye, played only for comedy by Walter Matthau, too scared to carry a gun but with a hankering for peanut butter sandwiches. . . . Fed up with variations of the frug, the young are "slow dancing," clutched together—just like their parents.

GEORGE BALANCHINE, THE GREATEST LIVING CHOREOGRAPHER, WITH FARRELL

Sixty-one-year-old George Balanchine, whose birdman profile becomes more pointed every year, agreed to dance for one night only, May 27, as the hero of his new, full-length ballet, *Don Quixote,* commissioned by the New York City Ballet of which he is the flame. His Dulcinea is Suzanne Farrell, who has an improbable stretch of legs and a young face with the purity of a girl in a mediaeval miniature. To dance this once, said Balanchine, who has not danced publicly since 1956 when he suddenly replaced a dancer one night, "was a sacrifice." (He consented just for the company's benefit preview.) Don Quixote is a walking part: a wanderer, taunted, through a world of pomp and fantastics. Nicolas Nabokov's score, set in a twelve-tone frame, is weighted with deliberate reminiscenses of Purcell, Handel, Rameau, and Richard Strauss. At a rehearsal, Robert Irving, the company's principal conductor, whispered: "After all, he didn't want a twelve-tone Spanish Court." He then settled down to watch the miracle of Balanchine building the ballet architecture of Act II. The construction of a Balanchine ballet rises through the master's intricate inventions of new forms in space, of adding to strict classic choreography acrobatic adagios, the triple, and even quadruple entwining of figures into new abstract patterns. In his years with the New York City Ballet he has designed more than eighty ballets, at least fifteen of them authentic masterpieces that have turned the direction of other choreographers. A Balanchine production is an event. Recently, in the hollow cube of a bright, windowless rehearsal hall in the New York State Theater, the *Don Quixote* dancers in their practice clothes hovered along the mirrored wall like winged insects in front of a light panel. They horsed around. They giggled. They played with the pro-tem props—red and blue plastic dime-store swords, masques with ribald noses. In the centre of the room Balanchine paced, wearing a thin beige cowboy shirt and baggy blue trousers. He walked out the movements. A pianist repeated a few bars of music. But through the schoolroom disorder, the radar of discipline continually clicked. Balanchine told the dancers what he wanted less with words than the stenography of his gestures. "Now you—" sweep of hand, "and you—" sweep of hand. Following the messages of his hands, accurately, seriously, the dancers slipped into place, danced, finished, slipped out, again giggling. "There are people like Don Quixote today," Balanchine said, his voice hesitant, as if stopping to talk momentarily rusted his spirit. "Nobody reads about him anymore. In this ballet, I want to give people Cervantes's book."

BERT STERN





JACQUES LIPCHITZ

NEW BRONZE PORTRAIT OF JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

BY JACQUES LIPCHITZ

The men had never met—Jacques Lipchitz, a sculptor who needs no adjectives, knew the record, the face, the legend of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. That was not enough when Lipchitz began this portrait in his enormous, white-dusted studio at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Commissioned by the London *Sunday Telegraph* for the new International Students House in London, the Kennedy portrait has been paid for by thousands of small donations from the British who were allowed to give no more than a pound apiece—and many gave a shilling, some even a sixpence; the fund grew to 13,500 pounds or $37,800. To do the portrait, Lipchitz explained that he must have a stand-in, a man who looked enough like John Kennedy to give body to memory. Such a stand-in, an agreeable Republican executive from Tennessee, sat for the sculptor for two days. From then on, Lipchitz used hundreds of photographs as sparse guides to this work of art, this likeness by one of the greatest living masters of sculpture. A gentle, low-voiced, solid-bodied man of seventy-three, with grey-blue eyes the same colour as the eyes in many Modigliani portraits, Lipchitz wears his beret straight on like a circumflex, has the spark of immediate concern, the attractive accent of a man who learned many languages before English. His attachment to sculpture has been total. He first gained fame in Paris for his Cubist figures, later for the power of his ripped-open patterns, for his architectonic imagery, for his monsters who menaced. Never smudged with egotism, Lipchitz, whose next project will be a mythological figure, forty feet high, has said: "I adore to work." Soon, he will have this Kennedy portrait cast again—this time for himself.

PENN



WHO BUYS ALL THE WATCHES?





TRAVEL NOTES FOUND ON A MATCHBOOK

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW



When you start off on the Grand Tour, you start prepared. You have the extra blankets—it will be cold in the diligence crossing the Alps—you have the gold strapped securely to your middle, you have the letters of introduction to various counts and cardinals, you have ample tooth powder, and you have those grandly gold-embossed blank books in which to set down your considered thoughts on Pompeii and the Parthenon.

The money, God knows, you can use. As for the blankets, the Simplon Express is overheated if anything; everybody sells tooth powder; and the counts and cardinals are to a man away for the weekend. And your considered thoughts, well, they turn out to be not quite grand enough for those golden blank books.

What you do is scribble those thoughts on the backs of old envelopes, on matchbooks, on bits of paper you have borrowed from the bartender, on stolen hotel stationery. In the morning you stuff the lot into a side pocket of a suitcase. You will, you tell yourself—it is pitiable how this belief persists—you will organize them later.

●

What a building the Parthenon is. The further away from it you get, the larger it becomes.

● ●

In Egypt the neon signs are magnificent. They all look as if they had been designed by Georges Mathieu.

●

Elephants have a great thing about bathing, which I didn't know. Come three o'clock in the afternoon, they drop whatever they are doing and head for the river.

In Ceylon, driving down from Kandy to Colombo, we stopped for a while at one of their watering places. There they lay on their sides in the shallow stream, scores of the great grey beasts, each with his naked, turbanned mahout giving him a good scrub with a loofa. I remember it as a placid, exotic scene.

● ●

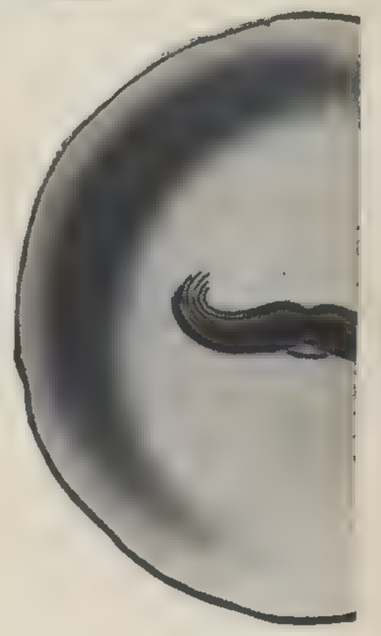
In Paris one Sunday, I took a walk with a man who years and years ago tried to teach me the French tongue. He is old now and fragile, and although still supremely polite, he has given up the fiction that I have a passable accent. We spoke in English.

As we passed the church of Saint-Denis, he stopped, laid a hand on my arm, and told me a story.

It is an old story, but a good one: Voltaire liked it.

The story concerns the Marquise du Deffand, that great lady. One night a boring old Cardinal was relating to her the circumstance of the martyrdom of Saint Denis. She was of course aware, the Cardinal said, that when Saint Denis's head was cut off, he picked it up and walked with it. But did she realize the extent of that walk—all the way from Montmartre to the church of Saint-Denis—a good four miles?

To which the Marquise du Deffand replied: "Monsieur, dans une telle situation, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute."



●

What was the best lunch? One in Ephesus, I'd say, amid the ruins. I was sitting on a bench in the open air, leaning back, eating fresh figs, drinking wine, and talking to friends. What was I leaning against? I happened to look. Three Corinthian capitals, first century stuff, one piled on top of the other.

Real snob.

● ●

Most of the world does not concern itself with modern art. If, for instance, in Singapore you were to offer for sale, at $6, a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup autographed by Andy Warhol, people would think you were connected with the black market, not the avant-garde.

●

Has anyone remarked that the lights are going *on* all over Europe?

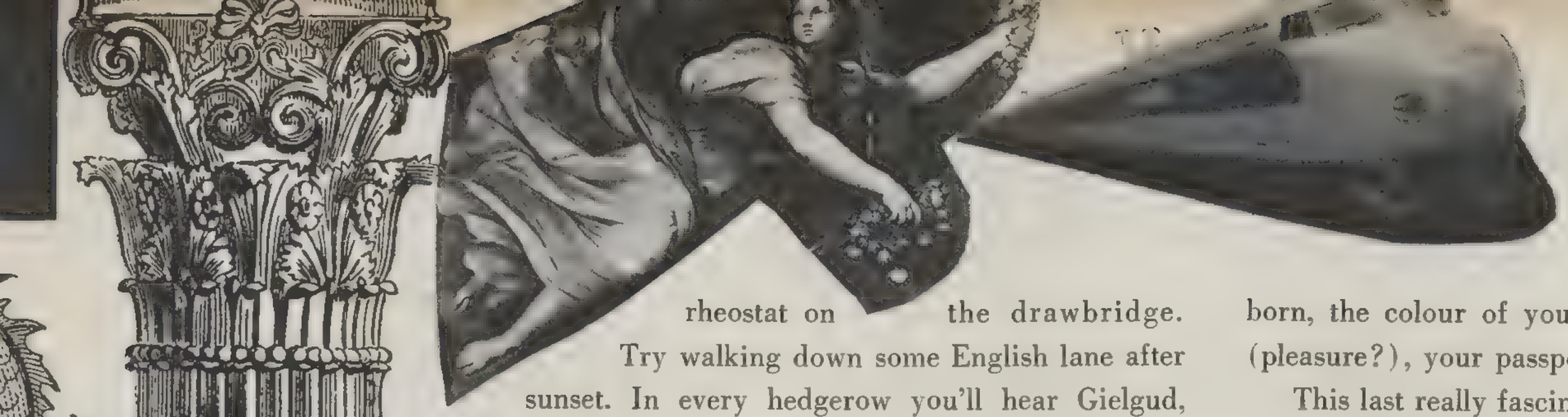
One innocent evening I was walking along the Mandráki in Rhodes when suddenly the whole of the old Knights' city —walls, turrets, castle, everything—burst into light. A moment later a sound track was switched on, and I knew what I was in for.

Son et lumière. You have to go out of your way to avoid it. There isn't a building over two stories tall anywhere on the continent that's safe from it.

I believe it all started at Versailles, although I certainly haven't done any research. Somebody threw a switch in the Petit Trianon, found you could charge a half a franc a head, and the rush was on. Now there isn't a château in the whole Loire Valley that doesn't have spotlights in the shrubbery and a







rheostat on the drawbridge.

Try walking down some English lane after sunset. In every hedgerow you'll hear Gielgud, taped, and see Vanbrugh plainer than Vanbrugh ever intended.

We all know what's happened in Rome. It has barely got dark before the poor fragile old Forum goes up in a blaze of red Klieg lights and a blast of Verdi. It wasn't so long ago, I remember, when you could walk into the Colosseum on any moonlit night, sit on its soft warm stones and watch the moving green shadows. Now you'll be hit in the face with 200,000 watts.

Nothing escapes. Even the Sphinx, which has been decently silent these thousands of years, now speaks nightly in a variety of tongues and to not much purpose, while the pyramids behind come and go in blue and yellow.

I seem to be alone in my reaction to these spectacles. The natives seem to like them and so do the tourists. Maybe my feelings are coloured by an experience I had at the Parthenon. I was stumbling around it one fine blue morning, eyes up, mouth open, when suddenly I tripped over what I naturally supposed to be a chunk of Phidian marble. Only it wasn't a chunk of Phidian marble, it was an electric cable as big as your wrist. I looked around and saw there almost beside me a battery of amber spots big enough to light the Yankee Stadium. And that wasn't the only one. There were a dozen others, some banked even in the Propylaea and the Erectheum.

It seems an indignity to impose so on the ancient glory of the world, but maybe I should look at it with an historical eye. The Parthenon has managed to withstand the Romans, the Turks, the Christians, the Venetians, and even that vandal Lord Elgin. She can probably outwit the Abe Feders of our time.

●

Guido Reni is an artist who fascinates me. All his pictures look like forgeries.

● ●

One of the hazards of world travelling is writer's cramp. Every official has a questionnaire waiting: you may not enter or leave a country, board a ship, register at a hotel, or cash a check without giving away where your father was born, the colour of your hair, the purpose of your visit (pleasure?), your passport number, and your age.

This last really fascinates the bureaucracy of the world. No matter what is left out, that is left in. In your timidity, you comply; I know I did, until actually I got to know my birth date by heart.

But one day—I suppose I was drunk—I put down 1776. Nothing happened. So, after that, I tried 1620, 1492, and 1066. Still nothing. In the end, of course, I found myself running out of dates, so I settled on one which I used always thereafter: 12/25/1.

●

However reluctantly, you have to face the fact that the world is round.

One day in the China Sea the sky was filled with those little flat-bottomed, white, puff-paste clouds; I don't mean just a dozen or so, as there might be over Pennsylvania, I mean filled; thousands and thousands of them, all over the sky. They stretched to the horizon; they sat upon the horizon: which meant they sat upon the water. But this, I knew, could not be true, at least not astern, because we had just come from there.

The only conclusion I could draw was that the *water curved.* This, I submit, is an untenable idea, and I don't wonder people made rude noises at Christopher Columbus.

● ●

The more I read Bernard Berenson, the more I agree with his wife. She thought him a poor writer.

●

Who is the Universal American? Which American, I mean, is with you most often, day and night, as you make your way around the world? I think I know.

I arrived in Nagasaki by ship early one morning. On the pier there was a huge banner welcoming us, there were pretty girls waiting to sell us cultured pearls, and there was a band.

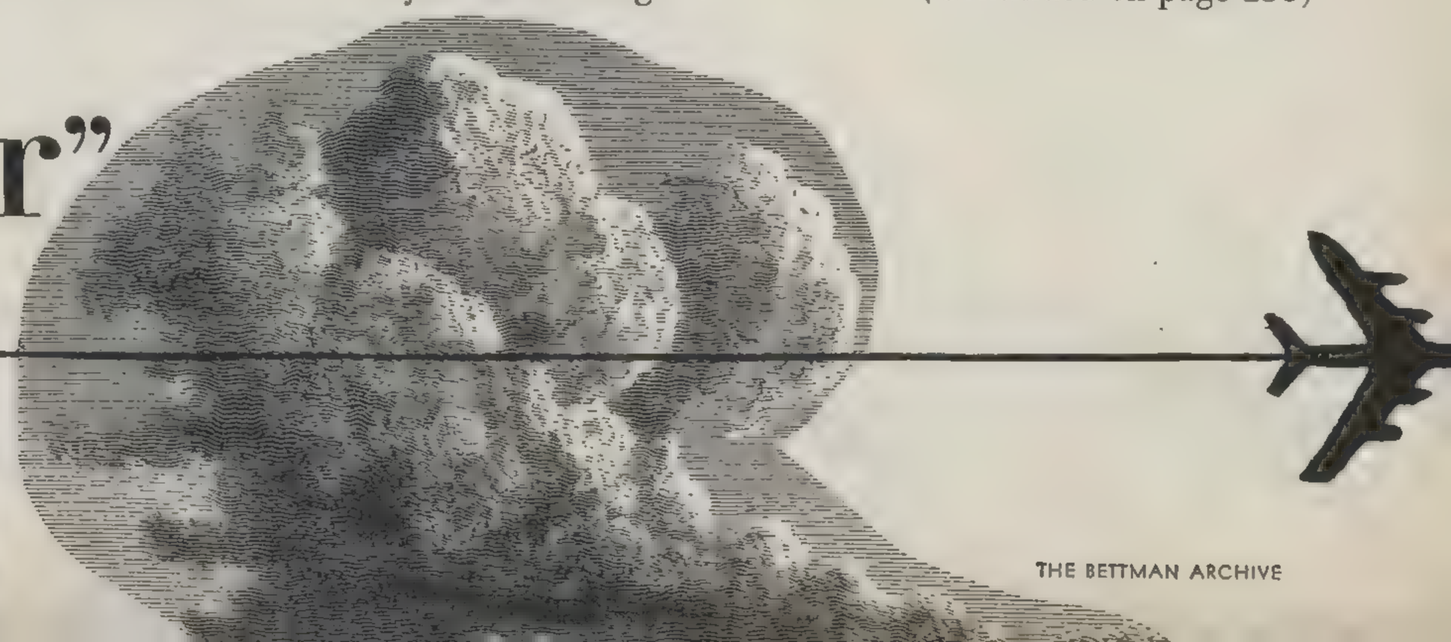
The band played the two national anthems, a bit of obligatory Puccini (Madame Butterfly, you remember, lived just up the hill) and then—"Getting to Know You."

I was not in the least surprised. There had not been one day since I left New York that I had not heard something by Richard Rodgers.

(Continued on page 156)



"soccer"



THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

BEAUTY BULLETIN

ARMS . . . HOW TO TRAIN THEM FOR THE COURRÈGES CHAMPIONSHIP . . .

When a woman looks into her mirror, her arms can seem fairly splendid—no matter what their girth; in fact, no matter *what*. This is true in art. True of the Erechtheum Korai, in which even the slow curve of the armpit is a delight . . . true of the long, lovely arms of the Cranach nudes . . . true of the plump Fragonards, the fat Picasso arms, the arms of the sturdy Maillol girls, and even true of the wiggly, centipedal arms in Hieronymus Bosch. Art's arms are, somehow, always poems. As are the arms of the woman standing before her mirror. And for the same reason. These arms are caught at their best: they're *still*. But watch an arm in life, in action. Watch the woman dealing manfully with the not quite tender veal paillard across the restaurant table. Watch the woman dancing in the terrifying décolletage, her flesh displaced in mounds under the arms. Watch the woman shaking hands with the M.C. on TV. And then watch the arms of women walking down the street—arms held out, away from the body, as though they were dangling imaginary milk pails; arms in desperate need of exercise. . . . Say what you will of Courrèges (a good deal *has* been said—but no one has exactly called him Santa Claus for presenting to women their bodies' real truth). Just as he exposed without mercy the knees, Courrèges has now un-gift-wrapped the arms. Undone them more deeply and more tryingly than ever before. But for the woman who considers the facing of new fashion a part of her annual physical checkup, the Courrèges test is an opportunity, not a crisis. For her it means a figure to be *forced* into improvement rather than into retirement. . . . The arm exercises that deliver the Courrèges championship to such a woman are these: Swimming . . . water-skiing . . . wall-pushes with arms outstretched, starting at waist-level and escalating. . . . Of course. But best of all, most perfect of all, because it rounds the arms as well as firms them, is Flamenco dancing. With castanets. (The clack tells you whether you're clicking.) All about this, page 36. More Beauty Bulletin, next pages.

ARMS COURRÈGES-ED IN TWO NEW SUMMER WOOLS . . . ARMS FIRMED BY THE PERFECT EXERCISE: FLAMENCO

What Flamenco can do for arms is taken up above. What Courrèges's small-wool thinking can do for summer is shown right here. Two superb little dresses, summer editions of the most sensationally useful dresses of the winter—and like those, knitted by Kimberly. Below, white with saffron: about $60. At right, one-piece knit with white top, persimmon skirt: about $55. Both dresses at Bonwit Teller; all Bullock's stores. Hair by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

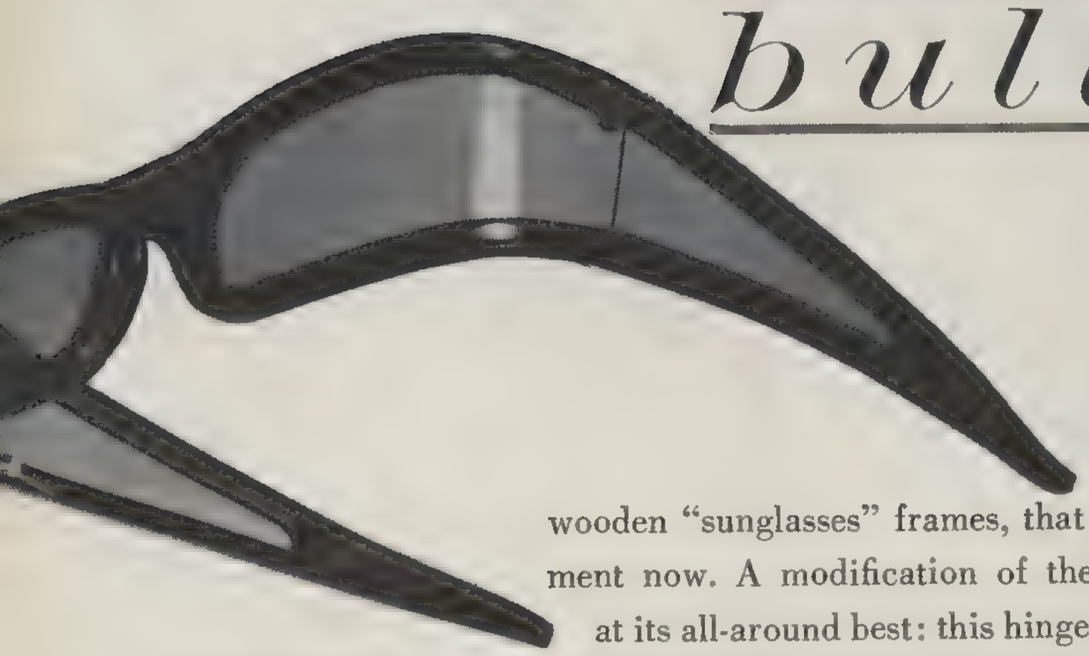


BRAVE NEW ARMS . . . AS COURRÈGES SEES THEM

This is the dress (see right) that did it. Brought arms out into the open. Brought them out as never before—deeply, drastically. Like the look or not (we do), there's no denying this: it takes a cut of this force to penetrate the lazy woman's mañana—that fortress of tomorrow-I'll-begin-my-exercises. Courrèges is tomorrow—begun today. WILLIAM KLEIN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

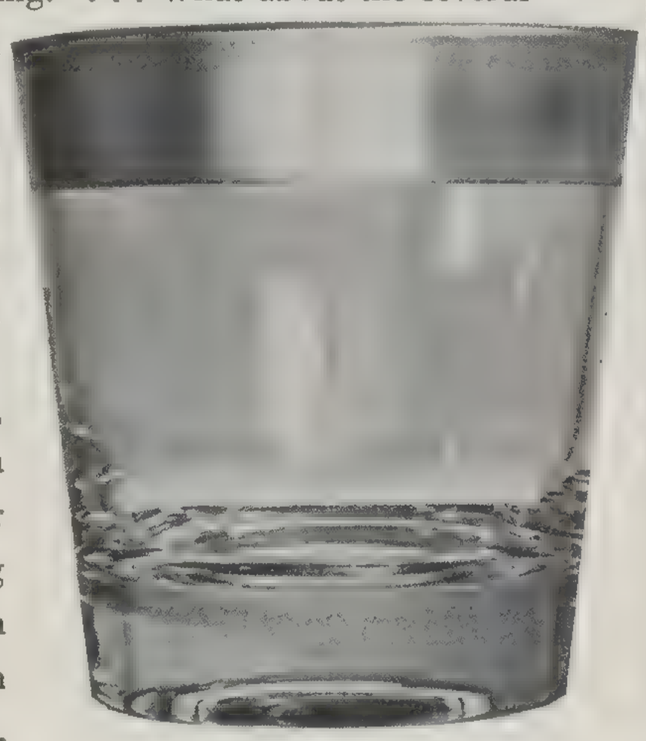


SHADED EYES AND SIDE-SLANT CHIC

Although the Eskimos were first on the block with narrowed squinty slits of openings cut into wooden "sunglasses" frames, that shape is having its big moment now. A modification of the narrow view—with vision at its all-around best: this hinged Polaroid ribbon by C'Bon.

Beauty is the issue of this eight-page summer Bulletin—pages designed to incubate trends. En route now: hair news . . . sensational new body-toner . . . new wave of feeling about hormone therapy. . . .

About hair. Hair appears to be racking its brains to come up with A Look. Some one solid new look with across-the-boards appeal. If this is achieved, it will be within this framework: much smaller head, much neater head, to which, at night, curly-ish hairpieces are added. One great pro-curl hairdresser (we might as well name names: it's Kenneth) feels that curls are in trouble right now: "There's too much latitude in what is meant by 'curl.'" His own (good) interpretation of curl is simply a new form of attractive non-straightness. But under the wildly-waving umbrella of curliness he's seen everything, he says—but mostly, and most disappointingly, "that nineteen-forties supermarket short-cut with curls all over the head. . . . Women know it doesn't feel new, and they're dead right." . . . Meanwhile, the long fall of hair that winds up in an outward flip just above young shoulders has been semblanced by a superb hairpiece made by Alfredo of Via Veneto, whose New York shop is a stop for the Beauty Insiders. One of these, a young dazzler whose jet-life requires portable coiffures, has just bought the long flip, blond-streaked, for something like $175. "Of all my boys and girls"—by which she means her vast family of hairpieces—"I've never owned one I've found more useful. It covers *every*thing." . . . What about the several chicerinos who still appear by day in hair with Mt. Everest teasing? Their days are numbered; their look has lost its magic; and they'd better find their next look fast. . . . As for the new English hair-set solution compounded to hold a line for weeks: it's called Curlast; we're still testing it; word later. (Continued next page)



FACE POWDER—CLEAR AS GOOD CRYSTAL . . . The idea of a face powder that adds no colour, just cuts glare, is the big idea. Latest is see-through powder by Evelyn Marshall, whose makeup consulting salon within the hair salon at Saks Fifth Avenue is It.



THE RAID ON THEATRICAL MAKEUPS . . . It's plain old Texas earth, they say—the substance in the tin at left. Whatever, it's a fine, *infinitely* messy bronze dust that makes Instant Indians out of pale-skinned actors; makes maharanees out of New York mannequins—and makes theatrical makeup shops the rage to shop right now. One such place is The Makeup Center on West Fifty-fifth. Lots of funny gloop. . . . Plus TV Touch, the model-liked darkness-eraser.

OTHER BEAUTY CHANGES

- Immaculate little head; curls added at night
- Silver-mauve lipstick for the no-lipstick girls
- High-coral lipstick for women over twenty-five
- Blanched foundations for forerunner faces; frosted white blush-ons
- "Heated up" makeups basic for day
- Tints coming back to eyelids; oyster-green shadow, lighter eyeliner
- Paler-eyebrow upshot: eyebrows shaved off
- A new kind of slip-on fingernail taking over
- Everyone in fake lashes
- Transparent—not just translucent—face powder
- Glassier—not just glossier—lipstick
- Hairspray scented with the great perfumes
- Stagestruck makeup for non-theatrical types
- Contouring experiments—some, blueberry blue
- Skin-health on a new pipeline
- Whole new attitude toward hormones

THE FORERUNNER FACE: FROSTED WITH WHITE

Remember this face. Small, flowery. And—admittedly—astonishing when everything else gleams with the best brand of sun. We did it this way (with the help of makeup man Stan Lawrence, for Revlon) to make the point as strikingly as possible: this face is coming on as surely as autumn—at which time and for whose evenings it will make its name. Meanwhile, to brush up on the look, there is—ready now—Revlon's frosted white Blush On. (Brings a silvery iridescence to the skin.) Details about the Malcolm Starr dress and garland, on page 169. Hair coiffed by Sebou of The House of Revlon.





BEAUTY *bulletin*



MORE RESTFUL INSIDE
Checkerboarded as these sunglasses are delighted to be, there's no levity about the lenses they contain. Serious, eye-resting lenses made by Ray-Ban—a house that glares upon optical casualness.

(Continued from preceding page) As for makeup: a certain new reality is settling in—with the admission that reality varies from face to face. For instance. Reality for the face that needs makeup but spends its time on the beach is obviously a beach makeup formulated with various sun controls, but is tinted *real* makeup all the same. . . . For the photographed face, reality consists of that which is photogenic, but this boned-up makeup can not be taken, by the non-professional face, to be the only fashionable makeup of the day. "The grey-brown eye makeup and intense under-cheek shadowing are for mo*deles.*" The speaker, since we're identifying voices here, is Elizabeth Arden's young Italian makeup star, Pablo. "Rouge for real women should be less brown, more pink, and placed in a nice warm triangle *on* the cheek; it can also go on the forehead next to the hairline." About eye shadow, Pablo—like most of the enlightened makeup theorists we know—now likes "a little tint for the eyelid. This should be applied before eyeliner or mascara, because any makeup worn over the whole eyelid is, in a sense, the makeup foundation for the eye." . . . Makeup heated with more colour, and eyelids warmed in a more colourful way are, therefore, ingredients of the new makeup reality for most women, most days. . . . But: for autumn, for evening, look for a newly blanched makeup. A foundation made to make the face a flower, the eyes immense. This is not the whiteness of a tired face; on the contrary, it is the living luminosity of a rather great pearl. . . . As for lipstick, this is doing: thinner formulae; see-through shades; and a clear liking for the newly built-in extra—moisturizer. (Revlon's Moon Drops moisturizing lipstick appears to be a smash.) . . . For young mouths beginning to yearn for colour-change, the change is from beigeness to a soft silvery-mauve. But because this shade does not tell well in the stick (it's like those great dresses that lack "hanger appeal" but catch on suddenly anyway), it may be a while before word gets around. . . . A new high coral is the next shade for the real lipstick-wearer. Actually a thin light red, without blue. . . . Eyeliners are thinning and going *on* more thinly. So are eyebrows. (Someone had to lead the nation bravely to a longer, cleaner line from eye to hairline—so one mannequin had her eyebrows shaved off recently.) . . . Fake eyelashes are routine at last. . . . And now that they no longer seem outlandish, look for acceptance of fake fingernails as a daily thing. Eylure has some nifties. (Continued on next page)

POWER MULTIPLIED
A short-cut to physical shape-up: new hand-sized mechanism called Exer-Genie. Athletic coaches across the country are mad about it; it may out-isometric isometrics. . . . Developed by Coach Dean Miller at San José State College.



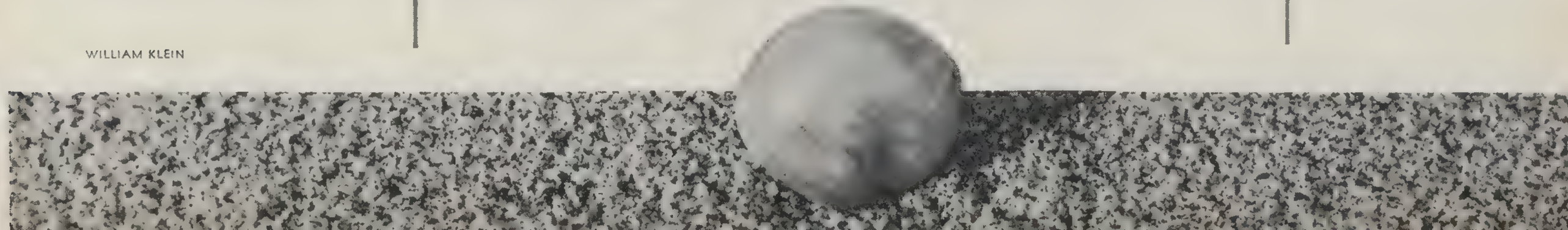


PROFILE OF A FRAGRANCE
In what we hope comes across with almost X-ray clarity: the inner workings of a splendid bit of news—the arrival of two great Guerlain fragrances, Shalimar and Chant d'Arômes, in a "purse size" of real perfume, with built-in natural spray valve. Life size photograph. . . .

HAIRSPRAY . . . YUM YUM . . .
For every woman who has borne the brunt of this comment: "You look charming, your hair looks lovely—but what a detestable scent you've put on it"—the great news is this. Perfumers are making hairspray in their own great scents. Nina Ricci is one of these, with L'Air du Temps. Makes nice feathers. too, as left. . . .

STILL THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH. There are, bien sûr, make-ups that are perfectly wearable on the beach. There are also those which have been made water-resistant. But—as far as we know—there is still only one makeup designed *for* the beach: a complete makeup by Eve of Roma. Included: a fluffy tinted makeup foundation technically called Suntan Cream, "created for the face . . . preventing sun lines and sun wrinkles from forming." And a mascara-encased eyebrow and eyelash gel. dark-stained to add lustre, but water repellently. The group is at Lord & Taylor. . . .

WILLIAM KLEIN





BEAUTY *bulletin*



THE URGE TO SCULPT... Light a feature with light. Fade another with darkness. . . . A concept simplified newly by Revlon's approach in an Ultima II compact.

CHANGE IN THE YOUNG FACE... The warm young mouth—in a face alive with health and sun—has this to look forward to: lipsticks that lean toward the mauve; that swerve this way from beige; that wear a great deal of silvery iridescence instead of a great deal of pigment. Several such lipsticks are around. There will be more—and mauver. Meanwhile the one at left is a revision of the shade called Natural Frost, a Cover Girl lip colour by Noxzema. Bathing suit by Emo at Bergdorf Goodman.

THE LATEST IN SASSOONERIE... See the hair at right. Vidal Sassoon's doing. Done not in London, but right on Madison Avenue, New York, where the boy at last has a salon, a properly switched-on place, under the auspices of Charles of the Ritz. While this handsome installation will deprive a few American women of their favourite excuse for a quick London trip ("have to get to Vidal to get my hair cut"), it will put within reach of thousands of others the authentic Vidal Sassoon cut. Which is? Special. A style of architecture recognizable at a glance. But a style susceptible to surprises, too. This, for instance. A cut drawn down around the head like a Mabel Normand bathing cap, then fixed with a smooth small knob at the stern. It's one of a dozen little costume-changes for the head —all from a single and very remarkable shaping. Others: loops of curls like ribbon candy. Squared-off sideburns....



HIGH CORAL... NEW BRANCH OF LIP THINKING This is the direction in which some of the best new lipstick shades are going: light thin red, no blue. For the woman who wants and needs the amenities of real colour, coral is the latest colour coming on to chic the mouth.

NORMAN PARKINSON



FOOD BEAUTIFUL FOOD PURELY PERSONAL

Here's what's happening all over. . . . Young beauty in Paris breakfasts on an avocado with nut oil. Across the Channel, Lady Cartland faces the day braced by the famous Swiss cereal, Birchermüestli. In New York Mrs. Rodman de Heeren breakfasts on Seven Grains bread with honey and royal jelly, rose-hip tea. Same city: a lean, attractive Racquet Club type has millet meal porridge, a boiled egg, cottage cheese, fruit. Out in Beverly Hills, Merle Oberon starts a beautiful morning with wheat germ pancakes and honey, camomile tea with honey and lemon . . . About lunch and dinner, more later. The message, coming through clear and strong, is this: people who eat well feel well and look well . . . and they're giving a good deal of informed thought to just what foods add up to "eating well." . . . None of the régimes detailed here is in any sense of the word a "diet" . . . none is designed to slip away an unbecoming five pounds . . . instead, each is a way of life, arrived at by intelligent experimentation, and pursued because it yields—for the pursuer—a maximum of vitality and well being. Which means, in every instance, the happy, ungimmicked maintenance of good looks. . . . What works for one metabolism may not necessarily do the same things for another, though our favourite medical man—chap who came in from New Haven to have a look at the facts—remarked that much the same basic elements of nutrition are derived from each of these highly individual régimes. Each scheme also involves a very strong vein of purely personal taste—call it style, if you like; medically it's sound. And this is the way it goes:

CHAMPAGNE, STEAKS AND BAKED POTATOES Dame Margot Fonteyn, the vivacious and exquisite star of Britain's Royal Ballet, dances every day—practice, performance, or both, even in the enervating heat of Panama. Keeps irregular hours—"there is no rule for anything in a dancer's life . . . each day goes by and works out according to its needs." Eats rather simply, "nothing elaborate or rich . . . I love bread and butter, baked potatoes, and steaks, always steaks." Breakfast any time from 6:30 to 11:30: tea and toast; or when she's hungry, bacon or sausages; cornflakes mid-morning. Lunchtime varies; after rehearsals, it may be as late as 5:30—"then I eat steaks." Almost never eats sweets; constantly trying to find one she likes. Rarely has salads or fruit, never touches coffee, finds champagne enchanting after a performance . . . "caviar is not filling." (Note: when entertaining 30 dancers, order for 60—the corps de ballet is ravenous.)

ORGANICALLY GROWN VEGETABLES, STRESS ON SALADS, FISH Mrs. Rodman de Heeren, a spirited Brazilian, likes unfussed foods, relies on a New York shop, Good Earth Natural Foods, Inc., for such things as organically grown vegetables, unrefined sugar, Seven Grains Bread (made by Our Fathers, Clinton, N.J.), honey, and royal jelly. Pre-breakfast: juice of half-lemon in hot water with grapefruit rind grated on top. For breakfast, bread, honey, rose-hip tea. Lunch at home: Papaya, grapefruit, or apple. Salad of raw vegetables, dressing of yogurt mixed with lemon juice and herbs. Steamed vegetable with chopped parsley and a dot of butter. Gelatine made with fresh orange juice, sometimes grated nuts on top. Dinner: Only grilled or roasted meats . . . actually prefers fish. Likes vegetables baked and puréed. Uses salt substitute. For salads: corn, safflower, or soybean oil—sometimes special olive oil from Spain—and lemon juice instead of vinegar. . . . When dining out, eats everything but sometimes feels there is too much food.

FUEL FOR THE WORKING ACTOR Yul Brynner says he starts the working day at 5:30 A.M. with lamb chops or chicken or pancakes, coffee and toast. Elevenses: In Mexico, hot tamales; in Argentina, asado; in New York, a hamburger. Always the custom of the country. Lunch at 1 P.M.: Hearty. Tea at 5 P.M.: High tea. Dinner at 9: substantial. Wine with meals, whiskey in the evening. . . . When not working, water-skis, plays some golf, sails. (Well, what's the use of being king. . . .)

PROTEIN FOR BREAKFAST, GRAIN SEEDS AT FIVE Back to that Racquet Club type who breakfasts on millet meal porridge, boiled egg, cottage cheese, fruit—but never orange juice first thing in the morning (puts the stomach in "wrong condition" to digest subsequent food). This is a man who knows, understands, and enjoys good food—"almost a gourmet" is his wife's toned-down description. He chooses his breakfast to bank energy, building up the blood-sugar level to sustain vitality straight through the morning. Lunch: usually hot, main course plus fruit for dessert; occasionally a chef's salad. 5 P.M.: the all-important grain seeds—sunflower, sesame, and millet, consumed like peanuts, purchased in bulk from a midtown health food store. All low in calories, rich in protein, minerals, B vitamins, and lecithin; all vividly energizing. Dinner: eats sensibly; often dines out, "enjoys the food." Point of view: "forget the word diet and learn to eat properly."

ORGANICALLY GROWN FOODS, HOMEMADE BREAD AND HONEY Viscountess Cranborne, one of the great fair-skinned English beauties, came to the conclusion nearly twenty years ago that it made sense to eat fruits and vegetables organically grown without benefit of possibly-toxic sprays—"they taste better anyway." Her

RÉGIMES

PURSUED FOR VERVE AND GOOD LOOKS... NO MATHEMATICS WITH THE CALORIES

family in Dorset grow their own fruit, keep their own bees; she uses honey for all sweetening in cooking, puts brown Barbados sugar on the table. Preserves own fruit, cooking it without sweetening, adds honey later. Makes jam with brown sugar. Always adds honey to salad dressing. Bakes own bread with stone-ground whole-meal flour, but is no self-depriving faddist—"you can't imagine the difference between a chocolate cake baked with white flour and one made with whole-meal flour."

VEGETABLES, RAW FRUITS, HONEY ALL THE WAY Mrs. Tony Curtis—the actress, Christine Kaufmann, slender, small-boned, with skin glowing like the inside of a sea-washed shell—has been a vegetarian since she was 13 when she discovered that a régime of fruits and vegetables made her feel marvellous. Has never reverted to meat, though her husband Tony Curtis still concentrates on steak tartare. Their favourite salad: sliced raw mushrooms, pressed garlic, lemon, oil, salt-substitute, freshly ground pepper, parsley. Uses four salad oils, depending on the salad: peanut, olive, safflower, Haines Sunflower. Cooks all vegetables in special waterless cooker bought from Los Angeles shop named Brenner; cooker specially designed to retain vitamins, minerals. Never uses sugar. All cooking done with honey; honey used to sweeten tea. Makes chocolate cake with carob (a flavouring from the St.-John's-bread tree) and honey. Drinks very little milk. Both Curtises constant readers of medical journals seeking new theories re food and nutrition.

EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THE PACE This is the summum bonum of Marchese Emilio Pucci di Barsento, member of the Italian Parliament, vanguard designer of clothes amusing, correct, and modern. . . . Travels a good deal; has devised for himself the simplest possible food-scheme to combat plane-lag. After a quick transatlantic flight from Rome to New York, lives for one to three days on V-8 juice, no solids, until he has settled into the local time pattern. "The more one works spiritually and mentally," in Pucci's view, "the more one is aware of the sensitivities of the human mechanism." Fundamentally he finds it "terribly good to eat simple things, uncluttered food." In Florence he cleaves to this theory but eats very much in accordance with the custom of the country. This point looms large: In the middle of the day there is a 2-hour break; lunch is a time for relaxation as well as food. One works later in the evening, but there is a satisfying respect for "the human machine." With engaging Italian hyperbole, Pucci pointed out recently, "now that cities have become bigger and traffic is prodigious, one must work from 9 to 6 with 20 minutes for lunch; perhaps it would be better to work from Monday to Wednesday without stopping and then enjoy the rest of the week . . . people feel they must conform but you can stretch it so far and no farther." Pucci *believes* in the pleasures of work and no gimmicks: "If you're tired, be tired. If you're nervous, be nervous. Rest for 30 minutes or do something you like. Then you are refreshed."

RARE STEAKS, CAVIAR, TEA BY THE GALLON Rudolf Nureyev, the leaping glory of today's ballet and the major international Romeo, consumes more honey than most press interviewers would imagine since he is better known for such confidences as "I don't hate just audiences; I hate people." On stage exudes only the nectar of the gods. Off-stage, eats a rare grilled steak every day, quantities of boiled potatoes, any amount of caviar on hand, and tea by the gallon, usually with honey in it. Favourite seasoning: dill. Likes Pel'meni, meat encased in noodle dough, served in a clear meat broth. Never touches anything greasy, never touches coffee. Eats only coarse brown bread.

FRUIT FRUIT FRUIT . . . IN PARIS FRAISES À LA CRÈME A young rave among current mannequins, Countess Veruschka von Lehndorff ate her first orange when she was 12, biting into it like an unfamiliar apple. Now she may eat ten a day when she's working. Size 8, 5′ 11″ tall, supple as a fencer's foil, she breakfasts usually on strawberries or raspberries heaped on cornflakes or rice flakes; decaffeinated "American" coffee with milk. On location, may eat two breakfasts. Lunch: Forthright meat—steak, roast beef, lamb chops, rarely ham or pork. Any vegetables—loves spinach, asparagus, mixed greens, tomatoes. Orange or tomato juice to drink. Avoids sandwiches. When in Europe, likes wine with lunch. When in Paris, fraises à la crème. Prefers main meal in middle of day. Adores afternoon tea when possible: tea with milk; toast with butter, jam or honey. Otherwise limits butter; thinks vegetable oils better for skin and hair. Supper at home: a hard-boiled egg or toast and cheese, possibly soup—say, cream of tomato. Or dinner out: Probably fish rather than meat, which she will have eaten for lunch. Adores oysters. No pre-dinner drink, but wine with dinner. Likes salad with oil and vinegar, but eats it separately, usually before main course. Hates food that's "all mixed up," but says her favourite cuisines are Italian and Chinese. Chinese because the vegetables are more undercooked than overcooked. . . . Throughout the day: fruit, ten oranges, a whole pineapple, bananas, apples. . . . Night life: swinging; Veruschka dances up a storm; en passant has an occasional vodka and orange juice, gin and (Continued on page 160)





SWEATERS WITH

THE BLACK SILK LOOK

Most luxurious little sweater you could own—small, sleek, extravagantly simple, marvellous with black satin pants at home, white sharkskin pants at the beach...a white linen skirt in town ...a white bikini and long, bare brown legs. Cable-banded black sweater, far left: a stripe of cabling down the outside of each sleeve; a straight slash of bateau neck. About $50. Charles Elkaim jewellery. Ribbed black sweater, left: close and springy as a stocking. Turtle neck, slightly lower in back. About $45. Arpad earrings. Sweaters by Marchesa di Grèsy for Mirsa, knitted of acetate; mid-July delivery. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Coiffures: Sebou, House of Revlon.

PENN

BLACK SILK SWEATER...
BLACK-AND-WHITE HAT

Nonchalance and luxury—the black silk sweater, worn with marvelous black-and-white straw sombreros. Rib-sleeved black silk sweater, left: bands of ribbing down the outsides of the sleeves, collarbone to wrist; straight whack of neckline, front and back. About $65. Charles Elkaim earrings; Arpad bracelets. Skivvy sweater of black silk, right: a dark, supple little shell with a round neck and little round armholes outlined by three rows of seaming. About $60. Cadoro ring, Bloomingdale's. Both sweaters by Avagolf, at Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Jack Gilbert earrings. All four pages: White Ban-Lon bikini of Du Pont stretch nylon and Lycra by Jantzen; Bloomingdale's. Hats by Galanos.

PENN



JEWELS OF
THE NIGHT



PENN



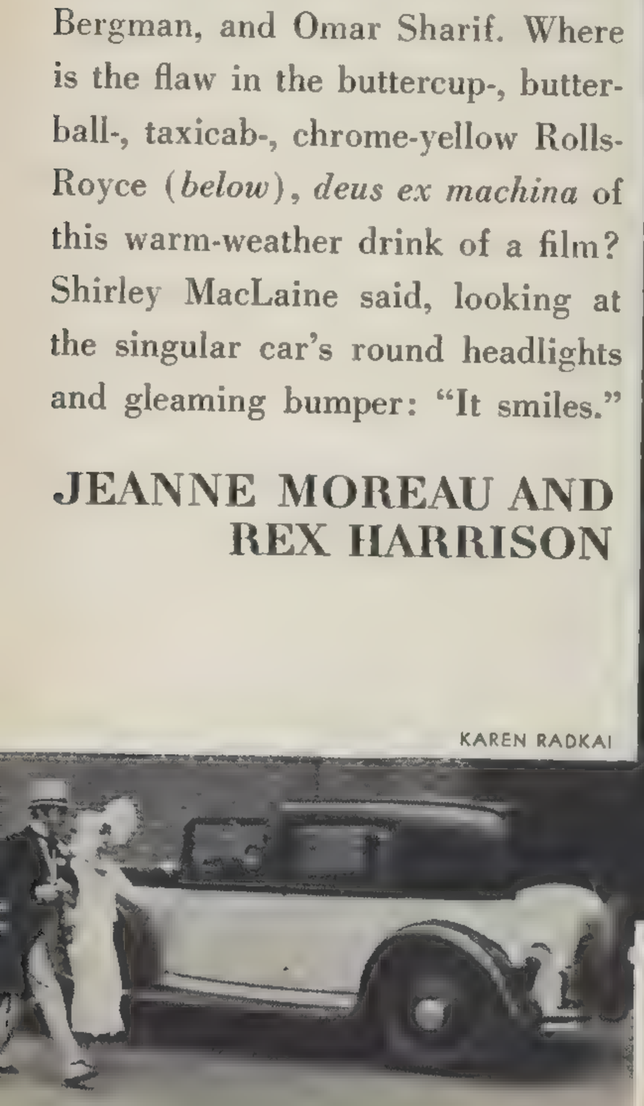
The pearl idea in marvellous depth, with a pale creamy lustre, an enduring patina—nacreated by the nifty teamwork of man and oyster. By Star of Siam; at Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. The headdress, a spray of white organdie feathers with a rhinestone orb. By Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. A superb shape of satin, right, with a bright starfall of beads for a jacket. This, Nat Kaplan's Balenciaga; the bodice of pink Arnel and cotton, the skirt of white Arnel and silk tied a touch high; fabrics by Hurel-TSM. At Saks Fifth Avenue: Neiman-Marcus. Fiorentina shoes. The coiffure: Schou of the House of Revlon.

THE SMILE ON THE

Lawns run wall-to-wall. Hydrangeas bloom in litmus-blue globes. Neither rain nor wind disturbs *The Yellow Rolls-Royce*. In this hothouse movie world people order Veuve Clicquot by murmuring, "A half a bottle of the widow," and a car salesman says to a peer, as a matter of simple efficiency, "I have her Ladyship's leg measurements filed with yours." Like a hammock under an unblemished sky, this is a film to lie back in. Relish is the right approach. Among the relishments, photographed here, Rex Harrison and Jeanne Moreau—two of the most challenging, unquestioned, and insidious images of sex appeal at large today. What's insidious? Their fascinating, addictive flaws. An exhausted primate couldn't rival the pouches under Rex Harrison's eyes. Jeanne Moreau's upper lip seems, beguilingly, a fraction of an inch too short. Flaws to ordinary gorgeousness, they endear, they attach their audience. Salt on almonds. Lemon on the lips. A thorn in the summer lawn—the sharpness that puts the claw on too rich a lacing of charm. And *The Yellow Rolls-Royce* is richly laced: as well as Jeanne Moreau and Rex Harrison, the film offers Shirley MacLaine, Alain Delon, George C. Scott, Art Carney, Ingrid Bergman, and Omar Sharif. Where is the flaw in the buttercup-, butterball-, taxicab-, chrome-yellow Rolls-Royce (*below*), *deus ex machina* of this warm-weather drink of a film? Shirley MacLaine said, looking at the singular car's round headlights and gleaming bumper: "It smiles."

JEANNE MOREAU AND REX HARRISON

KAREN RADKAI





YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE

The world of Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes knows no boundaries. Boundless imagination roaming everywhere. Unbounded interests luring anywhere. Moving as the mood moves her—restlessly, marvellously. As a skier racing effortlessly down the slopes of Megève. As a dancer whirling gloriously about the parties in Paris. As a teller of tales, her eyes betraying the world of fantasy and wonderment she spins for her children. As a traveller to great cities—and great centuries, her beauty coursing back through French history, precipitant with the grace of Fontainebleau and the ladies of the court of François Ier. Enigmatic fascination never static, never stilled: studied in clairvoyant detail by Chilean artist Claudio Bravo (below)—in profile, in full face, in preface to a portrait.



VICOMTESSE DE RIBES



THE MORENO CHILDREN



Isabel, Cristina, and Maria, the three little daughters of Señor and Señora José Moreno, enchant the beholder with their blond pure strain of Spanish looks. Velazquez's Infantas flashed to mind as Claudio Bravo was putting crayon to paper for the portrait above. So, in his artist's eye, he divided a tiny Infanta's stiff court dress in three and gave one part to each child—lifting them from today into the world of make-believe children love. Now coming into her full inheritance of beauty, Gunilla Gräfin von Bismarck: the beguiling fifteen-year-old daughter of Fürst and Fürstin von Bismarck and great granddaughter of the Chancellor. Great blue eyes, flawless features, an astonishment of golden hair quicken the portrait by Claudio Bravo (detail, right) commissioned for her father's birthday last year.

GUNILLA GRÄFIN VON BISMARCK





THE LOOK OF SUMMER WHEREVER YOU ARE

White: this summer's identity. In the country. In the city. All-white startle heightened by texture—brocaded and puffed cottons, piqués in white relief; crisp new presence lunching in sunshine. Stepping off a plane, smooth white buttoned wool. In town, the clearness of clear dark colour printed on white silk ground: clear chocolate-brown on white; navy blue on white; bright purple, bright as bright, divine on white. White cleans the look—the whiter, the cleaner, the better. A cropped little white glove on your hand. A small white pigskin bag over your shoulder. White organdie fresh from the bolt, fresh about your head—with a navy-blue dress. Or white silk twill, a square yard rolled and knotted like a double turtleneck. Little white short dress, little white short boots with slit toes—golden legs and knees. Succinct white strap sandals on golden feet. On a hot city street, black and white shoes. Over everything, city or weekends: a Tattersall coat, colour graphed on white ground. Over a navy-blue shantung smock dress in the city, over white anywhere: a narrow, gay little white plastic coat non-stop rain or shine.

Exotic shapes: from warm sun lands, marvellous indolence—now at the beach, now at home. Panungs and sarongs embodying the lure of Oceanic islands, wrapped long and low about bare summer limbs. Egyptian hieroglyphs, a Pharaoh's royal kilt—again, the long side-slashed skirt girding a bare bikini body. The burnoose of the Berbers, striped, hooded, and enveloping against the sun's excess. Turquerie excitement flung right at your feet: retroussé mules, a thong of jewels between the toes.

Black linen dinner dress: the surprise of Balenciaga's collection, now almost a summer decree—any warm evening in town, at a restaurant.

Chiffon: glorious in evening. Chiffon flung like a toga over a chiffon dress. Chiffon margined in beads, wound like a sari. Chiffon floated out bias, yard upon yard over narrow linings. Chiffon poncho blown against chiffon pyjamas. Chiffon panels loosed on silk pyjamas—transparencies of tropic greens and yellows over opaque matching print. A glory of prints, a glory of colours. Wildflower gardens growing in thin air. Vibrant geometries light as tracings. Parrot greens, citrus greens, oranges, lemons, banana; all the colours of light in light-struck contrasts.

Shawls: the wrap-up for evening dresses. Chiffon. Organdie. Taffeta. Silk faille. Lace. Each delectable, each worn with a difference—your own special coquetry.

HEAT RAVES . . . striped fiesta hood, striped gypsy dirndl

White organza, left, streaked by navy-blue blows free of its ruchings as gaily as a fiesta headdress. The touch of fantasy touching off live beauty: vivacious, dark Ana Maria, the twenty-year-old daughter of Snr. and Sra. Luis de Moreas Barros. Hood, in Ascher silk: Lanvin Boutique. Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

Yellow and black Romany stripes, right, spurt out from a black jersey basque, and rove about the body with bright gypsy inclination. Dinner dirndl by Oleg Cassini Young America; silk basque, Stevens Fuller printed cotton sailcloth skirt. About $65. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Halle Bros. Coiffure for Elizabeth Arden by Imo.

HENRY CLARKE

HEAT RAVES...

firebird pyjamas, cloqué hieroglyphs



Wild flight of silk, above: Galitzine's poncho thrown over the head, caught in the wind—and catching the unfurled furor of summer's new evening pyjamas. I. Magnin. Coppola & Toppo earrings. **Columnar and still,** right, Emilio Pucci's cloqué dinner dress hieroglyphs the body in sunny Mediterranean pastels — a straight ravishment for any midsummer evening. In printed silk. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings: Marvella. Evening coiffures, both pages, for Elizabeth Arden by Imo.

HENRY CLARKE





HEAT RAVES...

yellowbird pyjamas,
chiffon togas

Bird-wild yellows, left, glide over evening—fantasy plumaged on silk, winged and whirred by chiffon. Overblouse pyjamas; silk twill and chiffon matching prints, all by Ken Scott. At Macy's New York; I. Magnin. Tropic jewellery by Coppola & Toppo.

Chiffon on the move, right, flung bare of one shoulder and blown about the body in a voluminous toga flow—once, as abstract blocks of colour, and again, as a harlequinade of red, blue, and white. Both evening dresses by Galanos, in Staron silk chiffon. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coppola & Toppo necklace. Both coiffures for Elizabeth Arden by Imo.

HENRY CLARKE

On the beach this summer, long side-slashed skirts take over where swimming leaves off—skim down the body from hipbone to ankle in direct descent from the Polynesian sarong or ancient Egypt's kingly dress. **Bark-brown and white striations,** left, cut free of one leg—a straight down-rush of skirt hipped on a maillot in a reverse play of colour. By Galitzine, both made with Lycra. At I. Magnin. **Egyptian hieroglyphs,** right, Egyptian colours gird the loins with the brilliance of a Pharaoh's royal kilt: inspired camouflage for a 1965 bikini. By Emilio Pucci, in cotton gabardine. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Photographed against the pink rocks of Fazenda Tanguà at Angra dos Reis, Brazil.

HEAT RAVES:

the long beach sarong, the Pharaoh's kilt

HENRY CLARKE



Suit dress, cotton brocade; left—white in white relief, crisped by sunshine, softened by detail: a delectable way to make light of summer. By Geoffrey Beene, in Sormani Swiss cotton. About $235. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's. Earrings by Robert Originals.

Tiered dress, Paisley piqué; above—the startle of white: telescoped tiers swinging the focus sharply to golden arms and legs. By Mr. Mort, in junior sizes; cotton piqué. About $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Coppola & Toppo bracelet. Emme white fez.

Dinner dress, cotton brocade; above right—after dark comes white: nudging the body along a short marvellous curve, a path of rhinestones flashed white on white. By Adele Simpson. About $125. At Lord & Taylor.

Fluid dress, fluid crêpe; below left—cool against the body, a slender spill of white, sashed and gathered beneath a deep kimono sway. By Ben Barrack, of Arnel and rayon crêpe. About $60. At Best & Co. Castlecliff earrings, at Lord & Taylor.

Small suit, cotton brocade; below right—white, scissored simply as paper, throws a blaze of light against light-struck colour: pink silk chiffon blouse and belt. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland. About $250. At Bonwit Teller. Castlecliff earrings, at Lord & Taylor. Emme white fez.

HENRY CLARKE

HEAT RAVES...

textured white, liquid white



HEAT RAVES

textured white:
cotton brocade, piqué

Wrapped dirndl, opposite: the most flirtatious way to wear white this summer—all of its coquetry whirling low on one hip. Dinner dirndl in cotton brocade, by Christian Dior-New York. About $235. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Mimi di N.

Linear small dress, left: piqué at its whitest, cleanest—drawn narrowly over the body with narrow white lines in crisp relief. Dinner dress in Swiss piqué. Couture-East by Stanley Sherman. About $90. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Mobile earrings by Charles Elkaim. Coiffures on both pages, for Elizabeth Arden by Imo.

Beach burnoose, left: Moroccan black and white stripes come sharply to the point—a marvellous borrowing from North Africa. By Court Jester; Avril and cotton duck. About $30. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus. Mimi di N earrings, at Bonwit Teller.

Black linen beach dress, above right: surprise of cut, surprise of cloth—skirting innocence with a mere hint of cover. By Tiffeau & Busch, in Moygashel linen. About $70. At Bergdorf Goodman. The ankle bracelet by Fabiola.

Ruffle rave, below left: pinks, mauves, and oranges circle the body in spinning stripes flounced to a fast flamenco beat. Dinner dress in silk organza, by Teal Traina. About $190. At Bonwit Teller.

Sarong pyjamas, below right: blue, whitened by random giant flowers, wraps the body in luscious indolence—a drop of silk about the head, a furl of silk about one hip. By Jean Louis. Earrings by Fabiola. Both, at Martha. Pyjamas also, at I. Magnin.

HEAT RAVES...

covers and uncovers

HENRY CLARKE

HEAT RAVES...

body-fluent, body-transparent



Splash of black on white, stream of liquid silk, right, pouring straight down the body in a flow of cool allure. Dinner dress by Dynasty, in printed silk reversing to black. About $70. At Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Ropes of bogus pearls: Marvella. **Vaporous as early morning,** opposite, white nylon cloqué hovers about the body, enveloping it in a cool cache of air. Pyjamas by Jack Winter, of Du Pont nylon (Fabrica fabric). Pullover bound in blue velvet, about $15. Pants, about $20. Both, Altman's; Himelhoch's; Wm. H. Block; Famous-Barr. Earrings: Castlecliff. Both coiffures, for Elizabeth Arden by Imo. Mise-en-scène: the Rio de Janeiro house of Snr. and Sra. Walther Moreira-Salles.

HENRY CLARKE





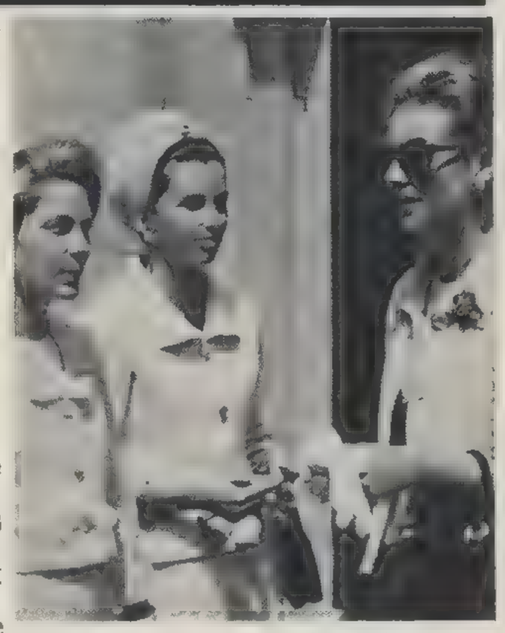
AT THE ALTAR, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, AND, LEFT, MRS. FREDERICK A. MELHADO, THE MATRON OF HONOUR; RIGHT, MR. EARL McGRATH, THE BEST MAN.



MISS PHIPPS WITH HER FATHER, MR. MICHAEL GRACE PHIPPS.

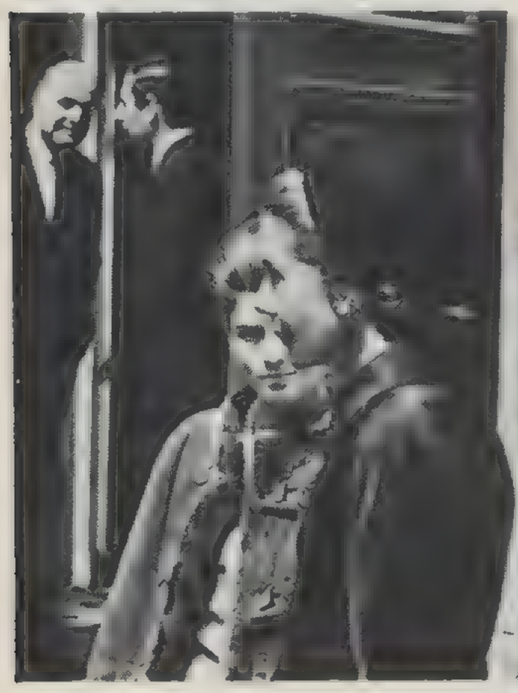
THE WEDDING OF MISS ELAINE PHIPPS AND MR. THOMAS SCHIPPERS

Like country cream, quite plain and the better for it, the wedding of Miss Elaine Phipps and Mr. Thomas Schippers happened in the small, pretty, white-painted Corpus Christi Catholic Church in New York. It might have been on a village green, filled as it was with much brightness, many flowers, and no more than thirty guests. After the blazing young American conductor of the Metropolitan Opera and "Nonie," the tall, amber-haired daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Grace Phipps, were married, the same small group—her parents and sister, their closest friends—went on to a wedding lunch at the apartment of Mrs. John R. Fell. Later Mr. and Mrs. Schippers caught a plane to West Berlin so Thomas Schippers could conduct the Berlin Philharmonic. Next stop: Spoleto, where he is Artistic Director of the Festival of Two Worlds. Then he is scheduled to conduct in Israel. Then. . . . Everywhere, music—but none at this wedding. "They didn't need music," a guest said. "They were so happy the room sang."



MRS. MELHADO; MRS. JOAN DILLON; MISS PEGGY SCOTT-DUFF.

MR. SAMUEL BARBER; MR. GIAN CARLO MENOTTI; MRS. JOHN COCHRAN, THE BRIDE'S SISTER; MRS. MICHAEL GRACE PHIPPS.



MRS. FREDERICK A. CUSHING





THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM COMING DOWN THE AISLE.

MRS. JOHN R. FELL; COUNT VEGA DEL REN; MRS. EARL McGRATH.

IN THE SECOND PEW: MISS JOAN MOSELEY WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. DILLON; MRS. CUSHING; MRS. FELL. IN THE FRONT PEW, HEAD RAISED: MRS. WILLIAM LANE, THE BRIDE'S GRANDMOTHER.

JOHN COCHRAN



LIGHTHEARTED PAVILION—

THE NICHOLAS DU PONT PALM BEACH HOUSE

Few houses more aptly illustrate the change between past and present fashions in Palm Beach living than Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas du Pont's new house on North Ocean Boulevard. Instead of the elaborate pseudo-Spanish cloister of yesterday—the Mizner masterpiece, shadowy and treasure-filled—here is today's airily practical American pavilion, admirably designed by its architect John Volk for a simultaneously indoor and outdoor life.

It is a house amazingly open to breeze and sun and sky, full of light and reflected light, virtually shadowless. Wide windows—walls of glass—slide away into nothing at a touch. Stone of floors merges imperceptibly with stone of poolside and patio. Fishing boats and schools of porpoises pass almost within hailing distance of the living room. The green-and-white and blue-and-white and floral interiors used lightheartedly by Valerian Rybar, the decorator, repeat the colouring of landscape and seascape—down to a backgammon board of sea blue and palm green. Painted chairs and consoles parody bamboo. (Continued on page 170)



MR. NICHOLAS DU PONT, *above left*, and MRS. DU PONT, *right*, at their Palm Beach house, "Casuarina." Loggia, *far right*, "the heart of the house," cool with flowers and foliage. *Above*, a pool, framed in sun.

HORST



MASSED PLANTS AND FLOWERS IN THE NICHOLAS DU PONT HOUSE





It's all open, filled with flowers, filled with the colours of the sea . . . a house to pad around in with bare feet. Mrs. du Pont, *above left,* in a corner of the living room. *Above right,* the basset puppy, Bic, with blossoms and blue Mexican fishnet balls. *Right,* the living room in greens, blues, and whites, with wavy-patterned canvas on green-lacquered bergères; sham bamboo tabourets beside a green-and-white sofa. Through the looking glass, striped curtains, their blue cornflowers echoed in the needlework rug. For backgammon: a green-and-blue leather board with green counters. *Below,* sky-blue chairs, a huge Spanish basket table, painted white, transparently topped, designed by Valerian Rybar who did the interiors of "Casuarina" with Mrs. du Pont. Everywhere, flowers—clasped into great pyrotechnic gatherings by Mrs. du Pont who groups them like paintings.

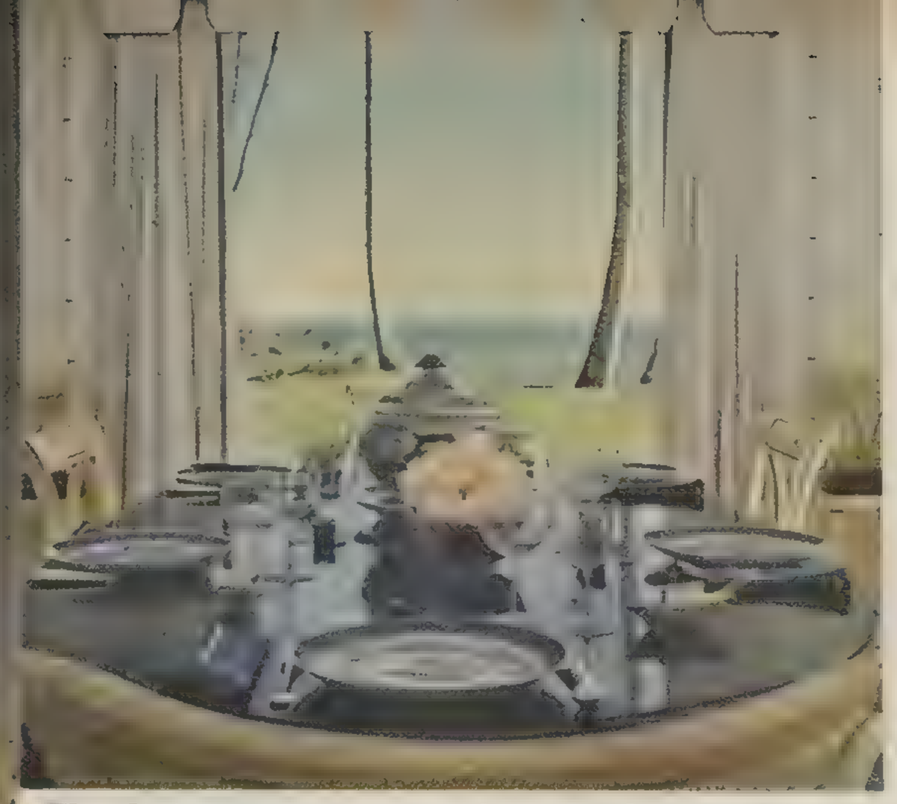




HORST







The dining room open to the sea, *above and left*, is marine blue and white, keyed to the rare Chinese Fitzhugh china on the table, on the walls, on the panels, painted as cachepots holding sprays of white coral.

Coral-red Kalanchoe plants in a basket, *below right*, and massed pink, yellow, and Tropicana roses pick up the fresh colours of this room where Mrs. du Pont, *below*, is shown working needlepoint. (She has embroidered several throw rugs for the house.) On the low coral-lacquered table, an arched ceramic fish.





Mrs. du Pont, *left*, "a whiz with flowers," in the jungly orchid garden where she revives wilting houseplants. *Below*, a guest bedroom, airy with bamboo, raffia, and plumped floral chintz on beds, on chairs.





WATERCOLOUR COLOURS IN THE NICHOLAS DU PONT HOUSE

Newhall china, shell-patterned, in the hall, *left*. In the card room, *left below*, coral-and-white bamboo; gerberas and roses on a Provençal desk. *Below*, in the loggia, a luncheon table with green majolica, strawberries.







Mr. and Mrs. du Pont, *above*, in the passage off the loggia leading from the living room to the pool. *Left*, stairwell of the inner entrance of the house, begonia-banked, leafy.

Mrs. du Pont's bedroom, *right*, all pale blues and white with green notes: the painted desk, the basket planted with yellow Cavendish orchids. On the floor, a white ceramic shell for magazines. *Below*, in Mrs. du Pont's bathroom, potted white orchids, freesias, and white vinyl walls stitched in blue daisies.



HOPST





RAVES FOR THE SMALL COOL WOOL— IN WHITE

Small and light on the body, bared at throat and arms, white wool dresses cooling off summer, refreshing to look at as frost-covered glasses.

Left: Skim of white wool jersey cut on the bias, its seams X'd front and back to curve with the body. Banded and bared V-neck, arms open to the sun. Worn here with a big wheel of shiny black straw, immaculate white gloves to the wristbone. Vogue Paris Original Model 1507, designed by Grès.

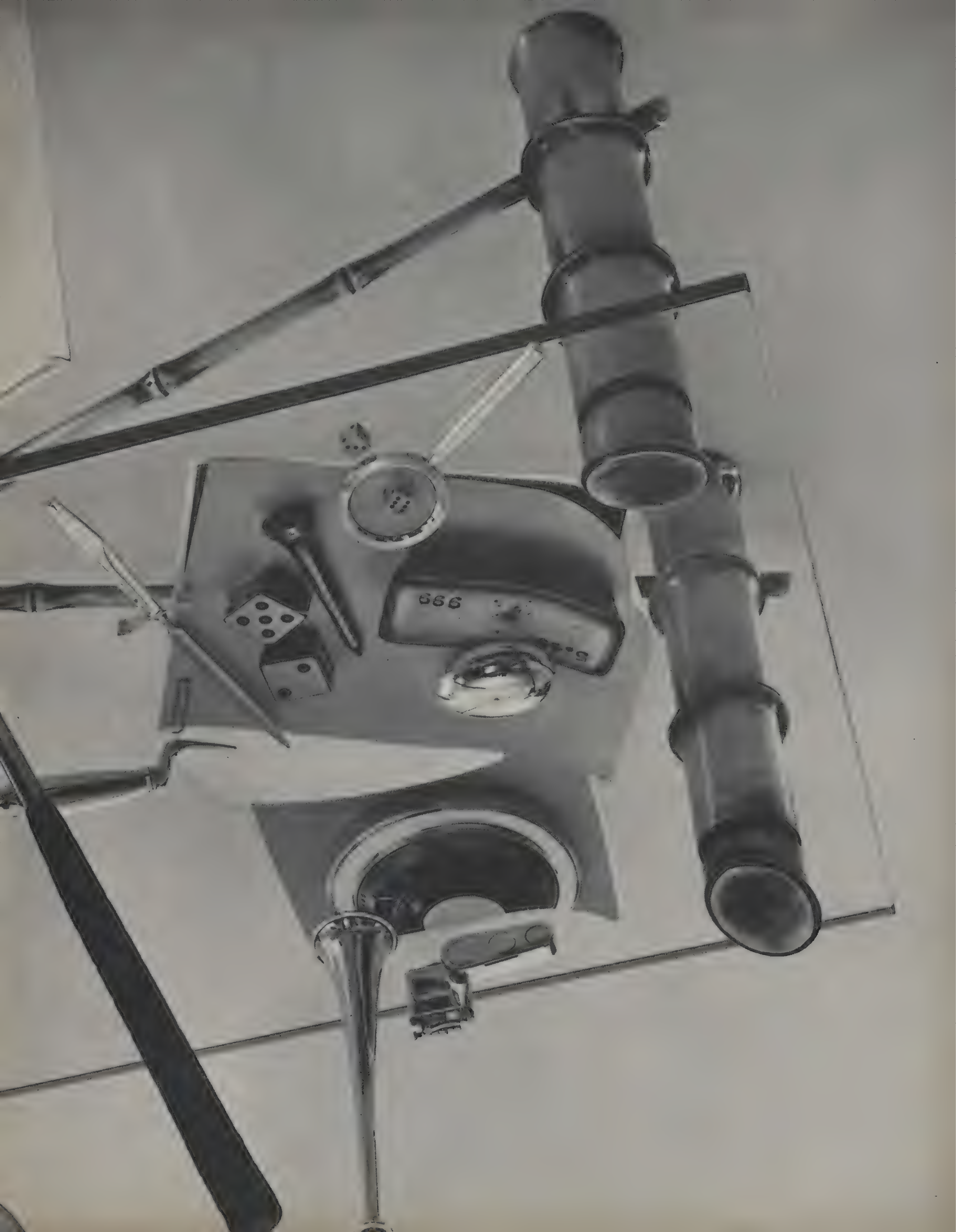
Right: White refracting sunlight from a small wool dress with shoulders extended into little cap sleeves, a soft cowl falling away from the neck. Bias-cut bodice ending in a low welted seam, pocket-flaps on the hipbone of the short welted skirt. Worn with lacy white stockings, white patent leather shoes. Vogue Paris Original Model 1506, designed by Laroche. Of Lesur wool. At Sakowitz. Both pages. Roger Vivier shoes. Roger Faré gloves; Saks Fifth Avenue. Hats by Jean-Charles Brosseau.

Other views, sizes, yardages, page 170.

VOGUE PATTERN 1507



VOGUE PATTERN 1506


666



WHAT TO CALL A SPADE: SILVER

Silver happens to be sensible stuff, a point sometimes glossed over in the glitter and shine. Silver can be used to plate a ceremonial shovel—it never rusts; shape a frying pan—it heats evenly; form a horn—it sounds, well, silvery. The first rein on the imagination might, at some point, be cost. Silver is a precious metal. When people turn precious about it, the clean fact of silver's durability fades in the fug. Henry VIII had a silver-gilt mounting block. Queen Elizabeth I slept in a silver cradle, and Charles II ordered a silver bed for Nell Gwyn. That's another story. The crop of present silver on these two pages ranges from a silver-plated cocktail table to a sterling golf tee, which, for little money, must give any ball a satisfactory zock.

ON THE GLASS-TOPPED TABLE, *opposite page,* counterclockwise from the top left: Sterling silver hunting horn, made in England for Knoud, $75.

Silver-plated "Unique" pocket lighter, made in England for Dunhill, $35.

Sterling coin holder, magnetized to stick to a dashboard, at Tiffany, $10.

Sterling-framed barometer (in photograph), at Tiffany, $32.50.

Heavy sterling egg-shaped paperweight, by Gorham, $25.

In photograph lying on table: A bar of commercially fine silver, 99.9% pure, departure point for everything here; sterling golf tee, $5; pair of sterling dice, in a suède case, $22; at Tiffany.

Sterling magnifying glass; Tiffany, $21.50.

Sterling letter opener in Reed & Barton's "Diamond" pattern, $10.75.

Sterling trowel by Towle for Tiffany, $125.

This page: In the photograph on the table; sterling frying pan—for omelettes, of course—with a faux-bamboo handle, at Tiffany in three sizes, from $21.50 to $365; one of a family of chunky, facetted silver bowls made in Italy—this one, 6½ inches across, at Tiffany, $225.

Sterling stamp pad, $16; silver-mounted rubber date stamp, $13; silver funnel for decanting wine, $135; dessert spoon in new "Bamboo," $14; all at Tiffany.

Heavy sterling berry spoon in International's "Continental" pattern, $25.

Fox-headed silver-plated stirrup cup, made in England for Knoud, $10.50.

Under the table: Sterling box disguised as a turtle, at Tiffany, $270.

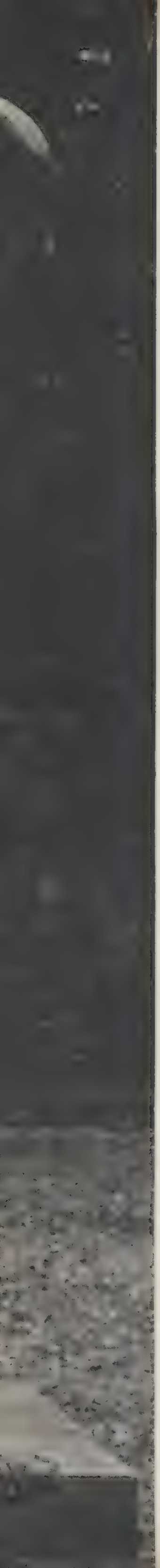
Leaning against the table: A silver-plated shovel made by Towle, $1,075; a sterling putter, $160; both at Tiffany.

As for the table—with silver-plated brass legs and stretchers and a glass top—it is made to order at Chodoff for $1,275.

All prices include Federal tax.

TOM YEE





Like Cadet Rousselle in the French nursery song, Max Ernst has three French houses, one in Huismes on the banks of the Loire, another at Seillans, perched on a little hill in the Var, and a third in Paris, which is an apartment. In these houses, meals are prepared in rooms of such studied charm and harmonious furnishings that they seem not kitchens at all, but havens in which to live and dine. Max Ernst, painter, sculptor, master of Surrealism, is a man who loves his friends; with his wife, the painter Dorothea Tanning, he receives them with infinite hospitality.

In Paris, the Ernst kitchen is lustrous, warm and small, with low ceilings, wood everywhere, and furniture covered in cut velvet. Here, the Ernsts serve apéritifs with black olives "made in the U.S.A.," as big as walnuts.

At "Le Pin Perdu," the house in Huismes, the kitchen walls are paved with old mosaics in shades of ochre and blue, like floor tiles. In a quiet corner of the kitchen, great logs blaze in a fireplace hemmed in by sofas and armchairs covered in chintz. On a long table stand bouquets of fruits and flowers; shelves spill over with spice pots, bottles, and cookery books. I remember my first weekend spent at "Le Pin Perdu" when we tasted *all* the wines of the country after a round of Daiquiris made by Max Ernst. These small fresh wines of Touraine are so numerous, so good, so treacherous . . . after that wine tasting, a drive to the castle of Chinon seemed more like being on board a ship lost in a stormy sea.

At Huismes, Max Ernst plants sculptures in the garden where he also plants his fruits and vegetables. The pears are succulent. The lettuce is crisp, russet, the opposite of the kind called "grosse, blonde, paresseuse"—fat, blond, and lazy. At Huismes, Dorothea Ernst introduced me to the half-nutty, half-eggplant taste of green tomatoes sliced and browned in a frying pan and also gave me the secret of "Gubbins's Sauce" to go with red meat and fish.

At Seillans, in the hill country near Grasse, the Ernst house is an old inn, with the promising name of "La Dolce Vita." In this garden Max Ernst has planted a grill on which he himself barbecues meat. Seillans, with its plane trees, its pretty square, its fountain where the villagers put melons and peaches and vin rosé to cool, has become a meeting place for Surrealists: Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Robert Lebel, Marie-Laure, Lise Deharme, Maurice Henry, César Peverelli. Here, last July, my husband and I gathered with the Ernsts and other friends for the town's annual festival.

The customs of the feast day are well established . . . first the dancing of the Provençale Farandole, then the *pastis*, after the *pastis*, lunch in the shade of the plane trees. There, with great white napkins tied around our necks, we ate the glorious "Chicken with Crayfish" prepared by M. Clariond, owner of Seillans's Hôtel de France. At the end of the day, in the same square, Max Ernst played boule. Afterwards he and I and his friend and biographer, Patrick Waldberg, sat on the little wall that overlooks the valley and talked about still another Ernst house, the ranch which the painter built in the moon landscape of the Arizona desert in the late forties.

"Do you remember," Waldberg said to Ernst, "the dessert you made for us, when you lived in Arizona, out of baby food purchased from the supermarket, the kind that resembles Cream of Wheat? You added preserved fruits and a quantity of rum. A dessert to get drunk on! And your barbecues . . . pork chops *charcutière*, plates of string beans or peas cooked with sausages. . . ."

"I remember," Max Ernst said. "I like to cook. Though I have little time for it now. I also like to run errands. I particularly enjoy marketing. That amuses me. What doesn't amuse me is brown sauce and meat (Continued on page 152)

MAX ERNST

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Max Ernst is as a Surrealist, although his recent paintings are far less Surrealist than his early ones. More famous in Europe than in this country, this German-born artist, one of the great painters of his time, has a thick encrustation of France, belongs to the School of Paris. He is a pioneer, an investigator, an originator, a man whose thin profile, beaked, has a linear beauty, emphasized by his fluff of white hair. Now seventy-four, Ernst lives at his farm at Huismes with his wife, Dorothea Tanning, a distinguished American artist whose paintings of figures, with a luminous paleness, sometimes shadowed darkly, were recently at New York's Iolas Gallery. Max Ernst's new works—those special Ernst landscapes, many with surrealist moons—have a vibrancy, a lyric quality, and those deep red cliffs, those strong blues that are as recognizably Ernst as the blues of Picasso or Chagall. For forty years Ernst has excavated his mind, putting its treasures—and his wit—into paintings, sculpture, collages, and his own invention, frottages. *He has constructed double images, twisted his trees into snakes, matted his cities into trees, turned his suns and moons into gigantic human eyes. "Birds become men and men become birds," he once wrote. "Everything is astonishing, heartbreaking, and possible." Winner of the first prize at the Venice Biennale in 1954, he has also had important retrospective exhibitions which show how widely, during his war years in the United States, he influenced American artists. In the photograph,* opposite, *the Ernsts are embraced by his strong and enormous bronze sculpture, "Capricorn," to be seen this summer for the first time in New York at the Guggenheim Museum.*

wrapped in plastic."

Then, mischief in his voice, the Surrealist told a Surrealist food story, from his Arizona days: "I was driving back to the ranch once, and I noticed some huge billboards: 'Best Steak House in the Country, Thirty Miles Ahead!' The idea of tasting the best meat in the country urged us on. Finally we arrived at a dusty old railroad car transformed into a restaurant, empty except for a waitress, half asleep, sitting in a corner. We roused her and ordered a porterhouse steak. She disappeared. We waited and waited. I went to see what was happening in the kitchen and there I found the waitress busy defrosting the meat with an iron."

Here, three recipes from my visits with the Ernsts:

Porc à la charcutière
for four

4 pork chops
⅓ cup strong white prepared mustard
Salt
⅓ cup vegetable fat
1 onion, chopped fine
½ teaspoon sage or to taste
3 tablespoons wine vinegar
½ cup dry white wine
Beurre manié:
1 teaspoon flour
1 teaspoon butter
5 sour gherkins, chopped
1 heaping teaspoon capers
Freshly ground pepper

Salt the chops on both sides and cover thoroughly with mustard. Melt the vegetable fat in a heavy iron skillet or frying pan. When hot, brown the meat on both sides. Add the onion and brown it. Add the sage, cover, lower the fire and simmer gently for 5 to 8 minutes. Lift off the lid just partially and pour in the vinegar. Cover again. Shake the pan well. Add the wine, cover and cook 5 minutes. Make the *beurre manié* by mixing the butter and flour. Add to the juice in the pan. Stir until smooth. Let thicken. Add the sliced gherkins, capers, and several grindings of the pepper mill.

Poulet aux écrevisses
for four

1 3-pound roasting chicken, larded
Salt and pepper
8 2-inch rock lobster tails or
2 dozen crayfish
1 large onion, chopped fine
2 shallots, minced
1 small clove garlic, minced
4 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup cognac
⅓ cup Marc de Bourgogne
½ cup white wine
½ cup dry fish fumet or water
Bouquet garni: parsley sprigs, celery leaves, bay leaf, peppercorns, garlic, thyme
2 tablespoons tomato paste
Beurre manié:
1 teaspoon flour
1 teaspoon butter
1 very small can truffles

Salt and pepper the chicken inside and out, and roast on a spit for an hour. (If a spit is not available, rub with butter, put some inside, season, and roast in a hot oven for one hour, basting frequently and turning the chicken.) Meanwhile, melt the butter in a cocotte or fireproof dish with a cover. Add the onions, shallots, and garlic and cover. Simmer a few minutes until tender. Add the defrosted rock lobster tails from which the membrane in the belly side of the fish has been cut with kitchen scissors. Cook uncovered until they turn red, shaking the pan occasionally. Add the cognac and Marc, heat a moment, and flame. Add the white wine and fish fumet, the bouquet garni, and tomato paste. Stir smooth. Cut the chicken into serving pieces and add to the casserole. Mix the butter and flour (*beurre manié*) and add in little pieces to the juices in the casserole, stirring smooth. Season to taste. Cover and heat thoroughly. Arrange chicken on a serving dish with lobster around it. Cover with the sauce and decorate with slices of truffle.

Gubbins's sauce

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
Salt, freshly ground pepper
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
1 pinch cayenne pepper
⅓ cup sour cream
½ teaspoon tarragon leaves

Cream the butter in the top of a double boiler. Gradually add the mustard, vinegars, then the sour cream. Season with salt and the cayenne and freshly ground pepper. Place over the hot water and cook slowly stirring over a low flame. To keep the consistency creamy do not let the sauce get too hot. Finish by adding the fresh or dried tarragon. If this sauce is not made in a double boiler, put on a direct flame, add ½ teaspoon of cornstarch diluted in a little cool water before heating.

Note: Gubbins was a pseudonym of the nineteenth-century Englishman who wrote two cookbooks—*Cakes and Ale* and *The Flowing Bowl.*

The last thing Lady Lydia saw as she swooned to the floor was her precious Prelude sterling being pinched. Did the butler do it?

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(Similar tales are told of Wild Rose and Pine Spray, elegant Edwardians both. The International Silver Company makes them. You can own them.)



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PINE SPRAY. BRIDE'S SET $288

Prelude in International Sterling

The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

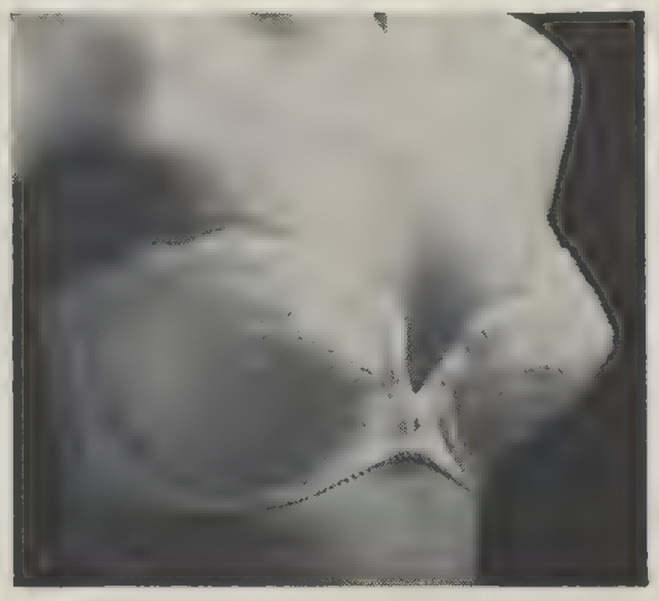
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Stripes for the money

Summer wallets and the case for sunglasses



Above: Black-and-white striped wallet bound in black cowhide—room inside for up to twenty credit cards plus money. Already there: pad and pencil, address book. By St. Thomas; Galey & Lord cotton. About $10*. Bonwit Teller. *Below:* Navy-blue calfskin and Roman-striped cotton—wine, mustard, navy blue. Wallet with an adjustable snap closing to cope with a changing load of keys, cards, whatever. About $6*. Matching case to hold the biggest sunglasses: about $4*. Princess Gardner. Macy's.

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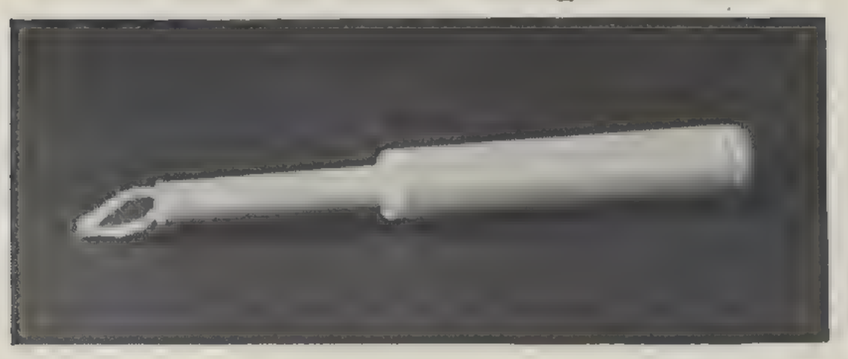
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Travel notes

(Continued from page 99)

If you go dancing on a roof in Istanbul—or Athens or Kyoto or London—you will be dancing to Richard Rodgers. Lie down on a beach in Rhodes and a pretty Swedish girl in an astonishing bikini will have her transistor tuned to "No Strings"! Once in the Red Sea I switched on Radio Djibouti—my favourite station—and heard "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered." And in Tokyo, right across the street from the Imperial Hotel, "The Sound of Music."

One night coming down the Strait of Malacca—to drop the name of a strait—I was sitting in the bar with a fascinating Englishman. He used the word "jolly" at least once a sentence, he called his wife "old girl," he was coming back from "home leave," and was on his way to "Kuala Lumpur." I couldn't stay away from him.

My Englishman was in a good humour. There was music on the ship's sound system, and with his right hand he was beating out the rhythm. (In his left, of course, he had a pink gin.) He was smiling. "I know that," he said, "jolly fine. *My Fair Lady*." As a matter of fact, it was *South Pacific*.

Gently I tried to explain to him. I used as an analogy the system I had employed in the old days to play the races. I never, I told him, bet on a horse, I bet on the jockey Eddie Arcaro. Always, I told him, I came out ahead.

"So," I said, "no matter what the band is playing, say, 'that's by Richard Rodgers.' In the long run you will always come out ahead."

He was jolly impressed.

•

That Japanese train—the nine-months-old New Tokaido line—is something to wonder at. We have not seen such an undertaking in our lifetime: it is all new, the right of way, the stations, and of course the trains themselves.

The tracks appear to have been laid on Hind's Honey and Almond Cream. I know that while we were going a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, I was eating rice with chopsticks.

• •

She said, "French is such an odd language for a man to speak."

•

We are so used to *The New York Times* deciding what the important news is in the world, that we tend to take its choice for granted. It sorts out the daily horrors, assigns each a proper emphasis, and we nod in agreement. Even in Europe, while lying on some pretty beach, we will suddenly run for the continental *Times*, to see what is *really* happening: you can't trust those local sheets from London or Paris or Milan.

Something dangerous happened to me. I was on a French ship crossing the Indian Ocean on the day Khrushchev was booted out and the Chinese dropped their bomb. We had no little ship's newspaper, just a couple of mimeographed sheets that were pinned up on a bulletin board. Their editor was the radio operator; with him lay The Choice.

On this day his lead paragraph, twenty lines, was the story of a soccer game in Clermont-Ferrand. Next he had two lines on Khrushchev, then one on the bomb.

I remember I read this news twice, and giggled guiltily. The *Times*, I thought, would never approve.

I walked out on deck, leaned against the rail, and watched the olive-green ocean, which that morning was laced with dolphins.

I felt fine. I felt as if someone had suddenly stopped kicking me. A dangerous feeling, I know, and of course it didn't last long. I got home soon enough.

But now, on particularly terrible mornings, I put down the *Times* and shut my eyes. And I say over to myself the soccer

scores in Clermont-Ferrand for the middle of October.

•

You want the name of a good restaurant in Singapore? The Shanghai, superlative food. Mrs. Lim took me there: she had been to college in Wilkes-Barre, and we had a nice talk about Pennsylvania.

• •

In Kyoto, one early December day, I went to see the Golden Pavilion. As I stood across from it—on the shore of its little lake of clear water—there was a snow shower. Not a storm, nothing long or violent, just a sudden shower, over in a moment.

I shall never forget the white flakes against the gold building—and I shall become a bore talking about it, and about the six rainbows I saw all at once over the mountains beyond Lake Biwa.

The thing about Japan is it is so Japanesey. Hokusai and Hiroshige, it turns out, were extremely realistic artists.

▪

When I was young, we had a neighbour, a Mr. McBride, who made his first trip to Europe at the age of sixty-seven. When he came back, he couldn't wait to tell about it, but, alas, all his friends had been to Europe, once, twice, ten times. They would interrupt, and just not pay the kind of attention he required. Finally, in desperation, Mr. McBride hired a young girl who was guaranteed never to have been outside Pennsylvania, to come in three nights a week and listen to his stories, look at his photographs, and admire his souvenirs.

All around the world I kept remembering Mr. McBride. I think I know why.

• •

I would suppose that the Japanese inn—the *ryokan*—is on its way out. Dozens of new hotels have just been built, and spectacular ones they are, but all in the Western style.

The inn, face it, is boring. It has no lobby, no bar, no dining room—no place to meet a stranger except the bath. Modern Japanese are a happy, gregarious lot. They like the Hilton. The inn will likely end up a place for tourists, like me.

I spent a night in one in Nikko. By 7:30 I had been bathed and fed and left with all that stuff spread out on the floor to go to bed. The room was pretty enough, with its rice-paper screens, its warrior in a glass case, its flower arrangement—does anyone else think a flower arrangement looks like seventy-five cents worth of chrysanthemums and a few left over pussy willows?—but it was 7:30. Thank God I found a television set, and now I know a great deal about Japanese TV. At least on Friday nights.

It's fine. It's at the stage ours was when we had all those Hit Parades, which was the only time I ever really liked television. I saw the three most popular singers in Japan—two boys, Kazuo Funaki and Teruhiko Saigo, and a lovely girl, Yumiko Kokonoe, who, not surprisingly, are all extremely young, just like ours. (With this difference: these three go to school in the daytime, a thing which few of ours can be accused of.)

At least half the songs and a good deal of the dialogue were in English, a pleasant straw in the international wind. And all quite understandable—oh, they had a little trouble with their labials but so does the Actors Studio.

That was my night in a Japanese inn. I woke up with a backache, and after a delicious breakfast of rice and seaweed, moved up to the Western-style hotel, the Kanaya. I had been, I had discovered, the only guest at the inn, but the Kanaya was full of happy, gregarious Japanese.

•

Tip: If you arrive in Alexandria by ship and would like to save yourself the pains of debarkation, write or wire ahead to Alex Tours there (Huriah Street #2) and ask them to send Mohamed Morfy to meet you. He will ease you through, and for a nominal sum. He is a bright and pleasant man and his English is perfect.

• •

Where is Port Swettenham?

One of the pleasures of Hong Kong is to lie in bed in the morning and look at the shipping news. The *South China Morning Post* has eight pages of it, and I know of no more fascinating reading. Do you know the Klaveness Line? The Mersk Line? The Union of Burma Five Star Line? Or the Blue Funnel, whose ships are named the "Antilochus," "Myrmidon," "Ajax," "Patroclus," "Elpenor," and the "Cyclops"? Have you ever heard of the Compagnie Maritime des Chargeurs Reunis whose ships go to Pointe-Noire, Douala, Lagos/Apapa, Cotonou, Lomé, Tema, and Takoradi?

You look up from the paper, narrow your eyes, take a sip of coffee, and make plans.

But where is Port Swettenham? All ships seem to stop there. London I know (31 days), San Francisco I know (20 days), Sydney I know (10 days), but Port Swettenham, where?

▪

In Japan, I was delighted to discover, everybody makes rice the way I make rice—sticky, glutinous, lumpy.

• •

One of the most beautiful of the white ships that cruise the Mediterranean is Russian—the "Litva." I saw her twice: once in the harbour at Alexandria, and later in Port Said, where she was parked just outside my hotel windows. Her passengers looked exactly like any other passengers—they wore sports clothes and dark glasses and were draped with cameras. They roamed the streets looking for bargains.

Only one thing seemed odd—at least to an old revolutionary like me—and that was to see

(Continued on page 158)



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Travel notes

(Continued from page 157)

the Hammer and Sickle flying from this most elegant of white yachts.

▪

Who buys all the watches?

The Swiss and the Japanese have undertaken to weigh the world down with watches. Specifically, men's wristwatches.

Here, in the United States, I have never been particularly aware of them. Jewellery shops are full of other things. The same is true, generally, in London and Paris and Rome. But after that, beware. The population explosion is child's play compared to the watch explosion.

I first noticed it in Rhodes, but the real inundation began in Aden, where shop after shop after shop was crowded with them. The watches were not cheap ones. Windows were loaded with Patek Philippe and Vacheron & Constantin.

Who would go to Aden to buy a Patek Philippe?

In even so sad a city as Saigon it rained watches. There, they are not merely in individual shops: in Saigon I walked along an entire avenue in which nothing was sold but watches.

But who buys them? Rickshaw men, dock workers, waiters all had watches. I certainly had. You can't wear two.

But you become fascinated with them. You are constantly aware of watches. I can remember wandering along Nathan Road in Kowloon—Hong Kong you can be sure has more watches than any other place in the world—and stopping day after day to look.

In the end, of course, I found the answer to the question. One morning walking along the Queens Road on the island, I stopped, as usual, at a watch window and my eye lit on a Girard Perregaux. It seemed one of the best looking I had seen: thin as a half dollar, perfectly plain, with no sun or moon or dates. The tag said $150HK which is $26 U. S. I thought there must be a mistake, so I went in the shop to make sure.

The tag was right.

I bought the watch.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Men's club—a word about who pays the initiation fees

Might as well know what's expected of you, before you propose a man for membership in the good-scent brotherhood—that new cross-country club of users of colognes and other nice-smelling things for the faces and handkerchiefs of man. According to Collectors of National Practices (statistical types who survey the market scene), you're the one who is expected to make the initial purchase if the man for whom you're proposing membership is somewhere between twenty-five and one hundred years of age. At least that's the way it is on the rest of the block. Something like seventy percent of the initial good-scent purchases for men in this age-bracket are made by women. From then on, the gentleman can pick up his own check —if he wishes to. Some, however, don't. They footsie about; leave empty cologne containers around adjacent to birthdays and other organized-generosity days. If the continuing-dues idea prevails at your house, you might as well be prepared for this news too: it will take several spates of generosity, throughout each year, to keep a man in a thoroughly contented state of cologne and such. When a scent is working for a man, even the band in his hat ought to be redolent of appreciation. . . .



Is there anyone—man, woman, child—who doesn't know Canoe? The scent by Dana that originally put muscle into the fragrance-is-for-men idea in the U.S.A.? Is there anyone who doesn't know that it comes from France, in an eau de cologne and a talcum—as well as in one of the most attractive soaps ever milled? Not possible. But it *is* possible that even the most knowing and consistent Canoe-user doesn't know this: there's a Canoe deodorant now, too. Non-greasy, quick-drying, it comes in stick form—the stick, a firm, appetizing, see-through gel, is scented with Canoe but also impregnated with certain scientific findings designed to make people far more adorable than not. . . .

Private Line from London

By Virginia Cowles

By far the most fascinating character study of Winston Churchill yet written has just been published in America. Called *Winston Churchill: An Intimate Portrait*, it is written by the most politically eminent woman in England—the seventy-eight-year-old Lady Violet Bonham Carter, who recently received a peerage from Britain's Labour Government, and is now known by the less familiar name of Baroness Asquith.

Lady Asquith is the daughter of H. H. Asquith, the famous Liberal leader who became Prime Minister in 1908 and led Britain into the First World War. She first met Churchill at a dinner party in 1906 when she was nineteen and he was thirty-two. After a few opening remarks he burst forth, she wrote, "into an eloquent diatribe on the shortness of human life, the immensity of possible human accomplishment—a theme so well exploited by the poets, prophets, and philosophers of all ages that it might seem difficult to invest it with a new and startling significance. Yet for me he did so, in a torrent of magnificent language which appeared to be both effortless and inexhaustible and ended up with the words I shall always remember: 'We are all worms. But I do believe that I am a glowworm.' "

Lady Asquith was a tremendous bluestocking. Even at nineteen her erudition was such that she could hold her own in the most intellectually disdainful company. Churchill, on the other hand, was barely educated. He had done so badly at school that his father decided a university education would be wasted on him and had sent him to Sandhurst instead. Although he had a passion for literature, his knowledge was full of holes ("like a Swiss cheese," he once said to me), and on this occasion he fell headlong into one of them. Lady Asquith recited a few lines of poetry, and he responded eagerly. "Finding that he liked poetry," she wrote, "I quoted to him from one of my own favourite poets, Blake. He listened avidly, repeating some lines to himself with varying emphases and stresses, then added meditatively: 'I never knew that that old Admiral had found time to write so much good poetry.' " The author did not repeat Churchill's gaffe to her father, thus revealing to herself that she had forged a new loyalty.

What makes Lady Asquith's book so fascinating is that she writes as Churchill's intellectual equal. Although this slender, grey-haired woman has never achieved power—for nearly fifty years she has supported the lost cause of the Liberal Party—her quality has long been recognized. "If Violet had been a man," Churchill said, "she would have been a Prime Minister herself." Indeed the eleven percent of the vote polled by the Liberals in the last election (much to the annoyance of Labour and Conservatives) was something of a family triumph, as Jo Grimond is her son-in-law.

On the platform Lady Asquith attacks with devastating wit. Once, when the placid Bonar Law was fighting the flamboyant Lloyd George, she remarked sedately, "It looks as though we are being asked to choose between Sleeping Sickness and St. Vitus's Dance." On another occasion she mocked two aristocrats who had joined the Socialists by saying: "We Liberals have nothing so gaudy to show as their red flags and blue blood."

Now that she has taken a seat in the House of Lords, nothing seems to escape her attention—not even Lord Snow, the Labour Minister who attacked Britain's private schools, then admitted that he had sent his son to Eton to keep up with the Joneses. Demurely she told an audience that on her first day in the Lords they spent a whole afternoon discussing the Dogs Bill. "It was a bill," she explained, "to prevent dogs misbehaving on pavements and inducing them instead to resort to gutters by imposing drastic economic sanctions on the owners. My liberal instincts were to favour freedom of choice for the dogs. Why shouldn't dogs be free to choose between the gutter and the pavement just as Lord Snow is free to choose between Eton and the comprehensive schools?"

What makes one sad in reading Lady Asquith's book is that she has waited until her seventy-ninth year to enter the literary field.

* * * *

I suppose now that Churchill is dead, dozens of people will write their reminiscences of him. However, there is one man who could, but who never will. He is Sir Desmond Morton who served as Churchill's personal assistant for years, retiring after the last war. "I never kept a diary," he told me, "and I have no intention of ever writing a book." Like Lady Asquith, he, too, had a memorable "first encounter." It was in the First World War, after Churchill had been dismissed from the Government over the failure of the Dardanelles naval scheme, and had joined the army in France. Major Morton was sent to find out what was happening at a nearby sector. He learned that Churchill was the new colonel and had set up his H. Q. in a white farmhouse in No Man's Land. When Morton reached it (a minor military operation in itself), he looked over the wall and caught his first glimpse of Colonel Churchill, drawing pad in hand, peering through a hole in the forward parapet, sketching the German lines. Morton told the colonel what he had come for. "In that case," sighed Churchill, putting away his pad, "we must take leave of Minerva and contemplate Mars."

My own first encounter was in 1937, when I was invited to luncheon at Chartwell, Churchill's country house, an estate of several hundred acres, some of

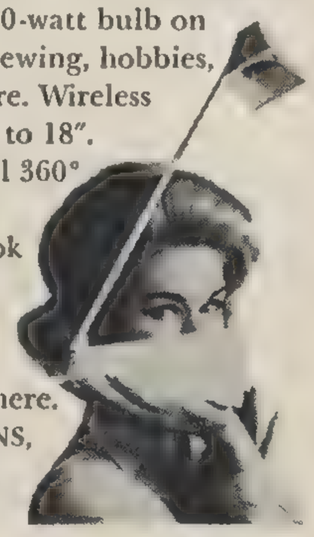
(Continued on page 160)



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From London

(Continued from page 159)

which he farmed. At lunch a goose was served. Churchill rose, took the carving knife in his hand, raised it, then stood frozen. "I can't," he said, turning to his wife. "You do it, Clemmie. He was a friend of mine."

* * * *

By far the most original career woman in England is Mrs. Stephen Potter, the wife of the writer who coined the phrase "gamesmanship." Other women open dress shops, or write books, or become MP's. Mrs. Potter runs a marriage bureau.

Her discreet Bond Street placard, "Marriage Bureau—Confidential," has been up since 1938 when, as Miss Heather Lyon, the ex-débutante daughter of a Brigadier, she decided that arranging marriages could be turned into a business: her friends, young army officers on leave from Calcutta or Nairobi or Singapore, kept asking her to find them wives before they returned to their posts.

Now in her late forties, Mrs. Potter (whose professional name is Miss Heather Jenner) is blond, strikingly handsome, with friendly grey eyes and a sense of humour to match her husband's. She and I sipped sherry in her garden in St. John's Wood while Mr. Potter pottered about in the background. She told me that she employs eight women—three who interview, five who handle the correspondence and do the "mating." This consists of pairing off Miss Y, who wants to meet a tall gentleman who works in an advertising agency, with Mr. X who wants a blonde who reads Proust and graduated from the Cordon Bleu. Recently a German firm suggested that she mate by an automatic machine. "I rejected it."

Mrs. Potter says that she always has about 2,000 clients on her books (each of whom pays a fee of ten guineas) and is not satisfied unless she marries at least seventy-five percent of them. She has had excellent luck with members of Parliament, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and above all with businessmen. "Two people with the same background and roughly the same interests fall in love almost automatically," she said. "That's why the old-fashioned *mariage de convenance* so often proved a success."

"What happens," I asked, "when two of your clients appear to get along well but the man simply doesn't propose?"

"I hop in my car and call on him," said Mrs. Potter–Miss Jenner, "or write him a stiff letter advising him that I'm not running a friendship club but a marriage bureau."

"My latest book," said Mr. Potter, who joined us at this point, "is full of advice. It's called *Anti-Woo*. It tells people how to *extricate* themselves from undesirable entanglements."

The German machine, one senses, would never have matched up the happily married Mr. Potter and Miss Jenner.

Food Beautiful Food

(Continued from page 109)

tonic, or vermouth. . . . "And if I feel like a big plate of potato salad, I eat it. Also I adore champagne—it makes me feel very nice."

FROM CLINIC TO HABIT

In Mittel-europa, in England, and now in America, there are certain breakfast tables where the unfailing pièce de résistance is a cereal mixture called Birchermüestli—sometimes labelled "Familia" presumably as a concession to the monolingual tendency of the U.S.A. Its point of origin is the famous—and now fashionable—Bircher-Benner clinic founded by Dr. Max Bircher-Benner in Zurich in 1897. His theories of nutrition as a prime factor in the pursuit of health attract a variety of people who are not patients in the medical sense, but sojourners seeking rest and restoration—among them, Yehudi Menuhin, Habib Bourguiba, and Bruno Walter.

The rhythm in residence is strict if not Spartan. Up at 6:30. Exercise before breakfast; generous quantities of Swiss mountain air all day long. One-third of all meals composed of fresh raw fruit and vegetables; no meat; no coffee; no alcohol; very little salt; no curry or mustard. Light breakfasts and suppers. The main meal is lunch; typical menu—small glass of fresh apple juice, fresh fruit hors d'oeuvres, salad of raw vegetables with olive oil and lemon juice; baked green pepper stuffed with noodles and tomatoes, lightly gratiné; with this, a stew of fennel and tomato highly seasoned with parsley; for dessert, mulberry jelly with a ribbon of whipped cream. . . . Everybody in bed by 8:30.

The golden mean of Bircher-Benner is "these rules should become a habit and not a duty." For most people subjected to the more flamboyant joys and stresses away from Zurich's magic mountain, obviously, only a part of the régime carries over—Birchermüestli, for instance, and a new emphasis on fruits and vegetables. The last time *we* saw Yehudi Menuhin he was working his extraordinary fingers to the bone at the normal concert hour of 8:30-11:00, though, interestingly enough, he is a director of London's largest health food place, Wholefood in Baker Street, where the shoppers are apt to include Albert Finney, the Redgraves, and Alastair Sim, along with a handful of Irish construction workers who go there because "the potatoes taste like they did at home."

NO RIGID RULES

Merle Oberon eats for vitality, thinks people who follow rigid diets are a terrible bore and often look like "dried-up prunes." She does, however, have a Plan. Substantial breakfasts: wheat germ hot cakes with honey, or bacon and eggs. Never coffee, always camomile tea with honey and lemon. Lunch: simple steamed meats or poached fish with steamed vegetables; for dessert, homemade yogurt and honey or fresh fruit. Evenings at home alone: a light supper of salad and cheese. Dinner out: anybody's dinner out . . . "I always break over occasionally, and one of my favourite break-over dishes is a chicken pie heavily spiced."

Food Beautiful Food

HEALTH FOODS, SPECIAL STRESS ON SALADS AND JUICES

The Marchesa Alessandro di Montezemolo, whose terrific blond blaze is rivalled only by her energy, has a firm, long-standing faith in health foods, shops for most of them at Sunny's Health Food Store in New York. Keeps on hand regularly: Organically grown dried fruits —raisins, apricots, prunes, figs. Wuest's soya protein bread or a special gluten loaf made in Pennsylvania. Lacto-Yogurt to eat between meals or at bedtime with Tupelo honey. Fruit juice by the gallon in the icebox, a mix of pineapple and grapefruit with a dash of papaya extract—fresh whenever possible (a whole pineapple goes through the Osterizer); frozen unsweetened juice when the citrus crop is off. Safflower mayonnaise. Soya margarine. Sea kelp for seasoning; no salt ever, plenty of orégano, basil, and fresh dill and tarragon when available. Eggs produced by hens allowed to run on "organic" ground.

Breakfast: Tall glass of juice analyzed above; soya protein toast with honey; coffee with milk. Lunch: salads only—a chef's salad, or if she happens to be near Sunny's, where one can eat as well as shop, a fresh fruit salad made before her eyes and topped with freshly grated coconut, fresh mint.

Dinner at home: meat—calf's liver, lamb chops, perhaps a scallopine of veal with lemon or cooked cucumbers or even a creamy white wine sauce. Rarely chicken or fish. Occasionally, just barley cooked like a risotto with consommé and water, grated parmesan cheese on top. . . . Salad, possibly with an unsalty cheese—Muenster or Bel Paese. For dessert, lots of fruit. . . . Drinks Dubonnet blanc or white wine in moderation. When dining out, may even "fall for some dessert, but two helpings of anything is too much."

THE EATING WORD FROM HERE AND THERE

One man's meat can still be another man's poison—but right now, neither contestant is likely to call it a diet; he—or she—will, if properly drawn out, discourse intelligently on anything from organic farming to amino acids to which-brand-of yogurt. Point being, a lot of thought goes into the food of today and even the food of the future; not everyone has a one-two-three, down-the-line theory or régime, but everyone has convictions. For instance:

The Marquess of Londonderry, one of Britain's most enthusiastic food-reform advocates, "first became interested when I started thinking of all the fertilizers used on our soils. I'm not cranky about it, I just like good food with flavour in it, and I'm a bit fussy about the source of the foods I eat. I always eat whole-meal bread and natural brown sugar and as I adore rice and use it a lot, I make sure it is of the unpolished kind so you can get the Vitamin B." He pulls no culinary punches when he entertains—unpolished rice goes for dinner parties as well as day to day living.

André Courrèges, the prime young lion of the Paris couture, has no special diet but avoids heavy rich foods, drinks *tisane* instead of coffee. Likes a bit of cheese with wine.

Zubin Mehta, the brilliant young conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, has the sort of vigorous, high-handed drive that tempts women to tremble with joy at his frown. A native of Bombay, he cleaves to the spicy foods of India, eats two unstinted meals a day—after rehearsal at 1 P.M., and after the evening's concert. Thinks the intensity of his work and the fact that he really likes to eat may have something to do with the success of this régime. In summation: "I eat a helluva lot."

Sylvie Vartan, the bubbly French pop singer recently married to French pop singer, John-

(Continued on page 164)

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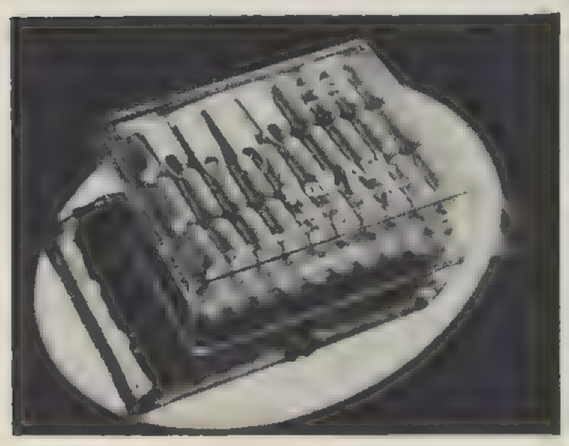
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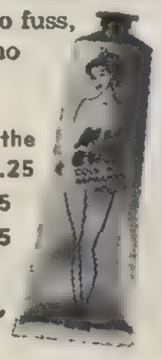
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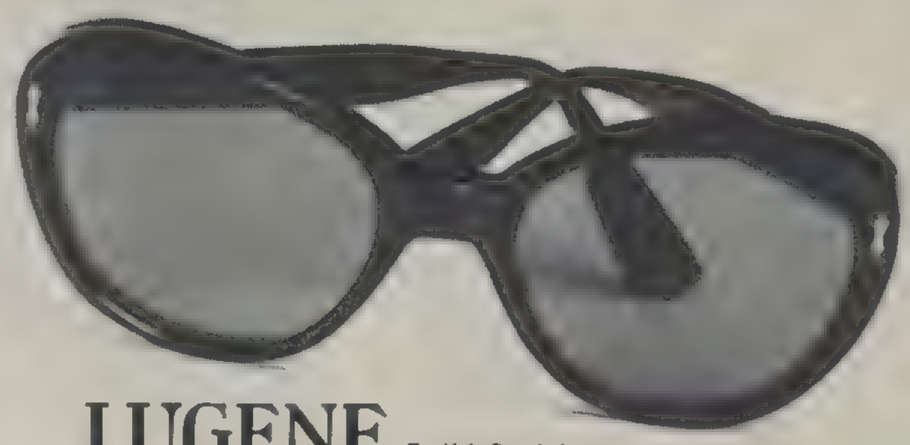


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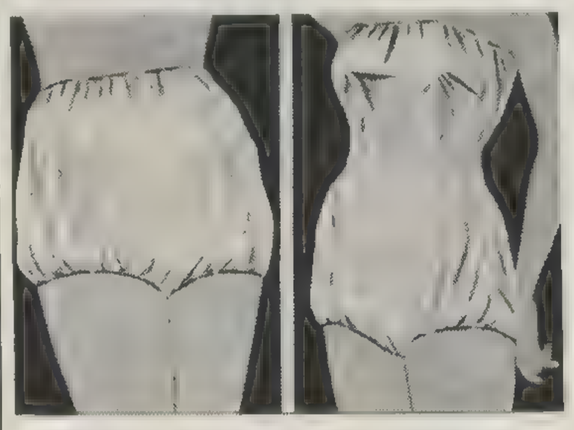
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Food Beautiful Food

(Continued from page 161)

ny Hallyday, confessed to only one food kick: yogurt with strawberry jam for breakfast.

Annie Ross, English comedienne, finds life too hectic to be anything but an ardent health-food eater. "It's almost impossible to live a well organized life. Smoking and drinking is almost unavoidable, but we don't have to *add* to the difficulties by eating poor, overcooked, non-nourishing food. I adore fruit and fresh vegetables and proper 'live' yogurt. I always eat whole-meal bread and take extra yeast as I find it keeps the energy up."

Yogurt turns up all over this gastronomic chart—Mrs. Charles Engelhard has 8 ounces every day to keep her really remarkable skin in peak condition. The young Marquesa de Cuevas —half Greek, half French— breakfasts every day on unadorned yogurt and black coffee. . . . For the Greeks yogurt is old stuff—the stuff Homeric heroes and possibly anti-heroes lived by; so, when we discovered that New York seethes with controversy on the subject of what constitutes a proper yogurt, we consulted our Greek friends. *They* make it themselves, and the key to everything is the "Mother" or "culture" (lactobacillus bulgaricus) that sets off the yogurt-action; a bit of this must be preserved from each making to start the subsequent lot. True connoisseurs have been known to carry a jar of "mother" back from Corinth or Athens or wherever they found the yogurt exceptionally fine. It can also be purchased at health stores—for instance, the Good Earth Natural Foods Inc., 1336 First Ave., N.Y. This is the formula: Boil 1 quart of milk; cool to body temperature; mix 2-3 tablespoons of "culture" with a small quantity of the boiled milk; then mix thoroughly with the entire quart. Pour into small jars; cover with foil, and place in a warmed oven to set—or cover with woollen blanket as you would rising bread; let stand three hours and transfer to ice box.

(Continued on page 167)

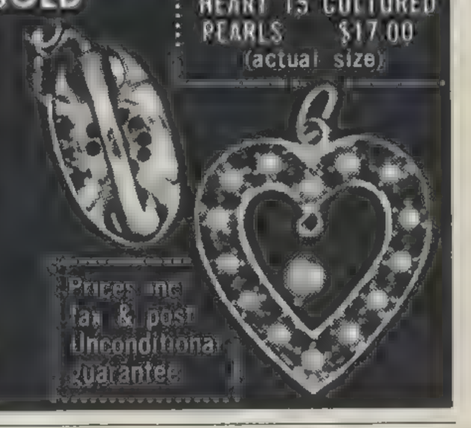
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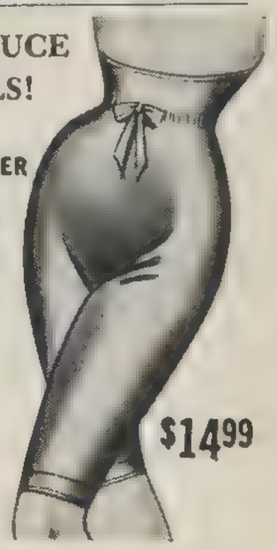
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Food Beautiful Food

(Continued from page 164)

Even this recipe can be debated; other yogurt eaters favour a combination of skimmed milk and evaporated milk; Greeks in Greece maintain that sheep's milk or goat's milk produces the only genuine article.

Geographically, the health food kick has a curious distribution. Condesa de Romanones, our correspondent in Madrid, reports practically no conscious preoccupation there. Yet in her household, and in most of Spain, people eat fish, the health food of health foods, every day.

What about the East? This is what about the East: it's suddenly part of the West, and while we can't say that a balance of ying and yang will or will not (oh that balance) send you to a new level of energy, we can say that Zen principles influence a certain number of eating régimes. Take Andy Warhol, for instance, whose pop portraits of the Campbell Soup can are roughly as familiar as Buffalo nickels: he follows the Zen macrobiotic (live longer) food theories, says many of his friends do, too. Fish-rice-vegetables-fruit-no meat is the general idea, and we find it rather close to the Japanese diet which we know, from experience, is a bundle of health and sylphness. Philosophically, Zen "seeks salvation by meditation and a divine emptiness." Not to worry; the emptiness is more exalted than the stomach, and macrobiotic Orientals have a neat trick of looking embarrassingly young.

Young. That brings us to the youthquake view of eating for verve. And Hayley Mills who says, point-blank, "I prefer to be healthy rather than unhealthy; that's why I eat health foods. My favourite things to eat are salads, fruit, whole-meal bread, spinach and carrot juice mixed, also carrot-with-orange juice." ... Clutches of the British youthquake can be seen at the toff London health food shop, Cranks. . . . Have the young taken over? Well, have a look at Cranks, and you may see the senior members of the John Mills family as well as that man for all seasons, Paul Scofield.



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TREADWAY INNS. Jared Coffin House, The White Elephant, Harbor House. Write or call Doug Heisler: Jared Coffin House, Nantucket. 617-228-2400.

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The Travelog section is listed for your information and convenience when planning a vacation or holiday. The hotels and resorts listed excel in hospitality, food & pleasant atmosphere.

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Jamaica

OCHO RIOS

PLANTATION INN. The charm of Old Jamaica. Each room with balcony. All facing the sea. See your travel agent or William P. Wolfe Organization.

The forerunner idea

Details from page 103

JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



Long look at the forerunner idea glimpsed briefly on page 103: an obi slipped asymmetrically over one shoulder, tied at the back—great new way to wrap bareness in the evening. We see it coming in chiffon . . . sable . . . ermine . . . a dozen marvellous ways. Meanwhile, the delicious forerunner: bitter-brown satin over a strapless white satin evening dress. Costume by Malcolm Starr. About $160 at Saks Fifth Avenue. The glittering garland in the girl's hair on page 103: a rhinestone necklace by Schreiner.

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Lighthearted Pavilion

(Continued from page 140)

Shell-patterned Newhall porcelain decorates the only passage; white coral lies on occasional tables, and coral shapes have inspired the decorative panels of the dining room. Even the dogs—a regiment of household jesters: pointer, corgi, basset, and basset pup—match the surf and sand.

A little cutting garden lies close to the house on the landward side, neat as a *jardin de curé*, with a place for parsley and tomatoes as well as for marigolds and hollyhocks. Grapefruit trees and a hedge of gardenias flank the entrance. Hall and loggia are full of the scents of stock and tuberose. Pale-blue plumbago lines the patio; begonias circle the bases of columns.

In every room massed plants and flowers—orchids, lilies, and delphiniums, primulas, freesias, and anemones, scarlet gerberas, coral roses, and white carnations—play a far more important rôle than objects or pictures. Some have been picked in the cutting garden, others have been flown down from the du Ponts' estate near Wilmington. To ensure a never failing supply, there is a refrigerating room for flowers hidden away beside the swimming pool, and a rest centre for tired houseplants in a wild, tropical corner.

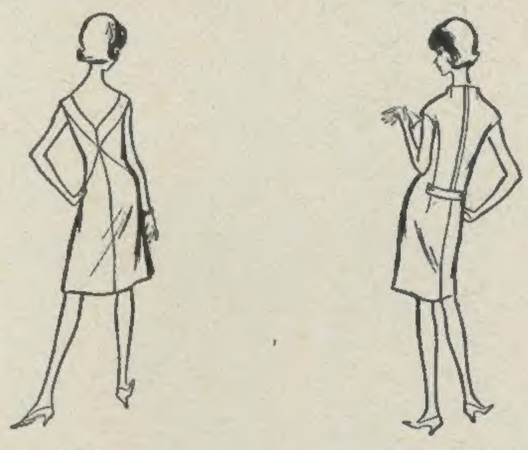
The Nicholas du Ponts are an enviable couple: happiest in their own company and, when possible, in the company of their two daughters—but unforgettably easygoing, uncritical, openhearted, and hospitable with strangers as well as friends. Equally sensitive to beauty and practicality, they are both unashamedly, and understandably, in love with their house. It was designed as they had planned it, and perfectly accords with their desires.

Both du Ponts have a refreshing sense of humour and a sympathetic lack of ambition to figure importantly in conventional Palm Beach social life. Perhaps for that very reason, their comparatively rare parties in the Florida season are major events. Their largest dinner parties tend to be in June, when "nobody" is in Palm Beach. Those who know them well take a noticeable pleasure in speaking of them: as though just to think of them did the heart good. Their house has the qualities of a watercolour. Part of its charm is its transparency, its lack of insistence and emphasis. A good half of its message is what it leaves unsaid.

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 146-147; other views, yardages, details)



1507 1506

Above left: White bias-cut jersey dress. Vogue Paris Original Model 1507. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 1¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap. $3. In Canada, $3.30.

Above right: Back-belted white wool dress with cap sleeves. Vogue Paris Original Model 1506. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap. $3. In Canada, $3.30.

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